THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SILENT MUSIC.

BY ELIA WHEELER.

Standing to-day by the great church organ,
I thought, how strange, if a thing so grand
Should be forever and ever silent,
Waiting the touch of a master hand;
Never a sound could the strong lungs utter;
Never an echo of melodies,
Unless the fingers of some musician
Should fall on the snowy keys.

And I thought of the hearts as like the organ;
Hearts that are aching with silent pain,
Because their strings are burdened with music,
And they cannot utter a single strain.
And the world looks on, and never guesses
The sounds that would be sweet and grand,
If the waiting keys could only answer
To the touch of a master hand.

Sounds that are sweet as the angels' praise,
Notes as glad as the thrushes sing,
Are hid in these silent hearts forever,
Waiting the master's fingering.
Stern-faced men and sad-eyed women
Silently walk through this vale of doubt,
Whose hearts are brimming with Heaven's music,
But no hand brings it out.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW SUITOR.

Was ever woman in such humor wooed—
Was ever woman in such humor won?
—*Shakespeare.*

Miss Doris Carlyon had returned to Kingcolm Grange. It was summer time once more, and the soft air and genial weather, or some other cause, had restored the health she had somewhat suddenly, and, as it seemed, unaccountably lost. She was still Doris Carlyon. None of the many fortune-hunters who hung round her, or the admirers of her beauty, who had no need of her wealth, had succeeded in inducing her to yield up her liberty.

It seemed strange that a woman in the very prime and fulness of her beauty as she was should prefer to live alone with only a garrulous old woman, and Mrs. Bellew was nothing better, for her companion; but so it was. She liked her liberty, she said, and was not inclined to call any man master.

The little child she had taken under her care was a great favorite at the Grange. He was a bright, likely little fellow, and both Mrs. Bellew and her niece were very fond of him.

They would have him for days together at the house, and make much of him, and the orders were very strict that he should be most carefully cared for.

People wondered, but Doris laughed at them, and said it was her whim.

"Why not a child as well as a great dog, or anything of that sort?" she said to Cuthbert Winstanley, who rallied her one day on the subject. "You would not laugh at me if I took to petting that big mastiff out in the yard yonder; but, somehow, I prefer the boy."

"He's a better lay figure for showing off pretty frocks and so forth," he replied with a laugh. "Whata vain little peacock you'll make of the little beggar when he's old enough to understand finery."

"I like color," she said, toying with the child's ruby colored frock, "and beauty and shapeliness generally. Therefore, I prefer young Ralpho here to the mastiff, who has none of these attributes that I can see."

"Pardon me, we will agree to differ on that subject. I think he has them all. He is a noble creature."

"Perhaps. But he doesn't like me—I don't like him; so I shall stick to my preference for little Ralph, and see if I cannot develop a man out of this little "vain peacock" some day, Mr. Winstanley."

"You'll never make a man of him if you spoil him, Ralph, is that his name?"

"I suppose so. It was the name of the man believed to be his father. Ralph Rutherford—rather plebeian, isn't it? Sounds like a farm servant or something of that sort."

"I don't think so. Ralph is a good sounding name—the name of a man—better than all the Willies and Berties and Charlies of the present day."

"I'm glad you like it, "she said, languidly. "I don't; but it will do as well as any other."

"She'll ruin the child," was Cuthbert Winstanley's thought as he returned to town. "What does she mean? It would take a wiser head than mine to fathom Doris Carlyon's intentions. Why don't she marry Dormer? I'm almost sure he asked her. Why won't she marry somebody and settle down like a Christian woman? She is like a possessed fiend sometimes."

As he left the Grange he passed the young surgeon, Amphlett Selwyn, of whom mention has been made as being at the fancy ball. Times were changed with Mr. Selwyn since then, although scarcely a year had passed since that night. He had been a rather shabby young man then, striving with all his might to secure a bare living and keep up a respectable appearance.

He had been thankful in those days for the custom and patronage of anybody, and looked up to the wealthy farmers and shopkeepers of the district as millionaires. Now he was installed as medical attendant to the household of the Grange; Miss Carlyon had not discarded the old family doctor, she was too polite for that; but his position made it hardly worth his while to ride a good many miles for every slight ailment in the servant's hall, so he was quite content to attend the heiress himself, and to turn over the practice below the salt to his struggling brother professional.

Miss Carlyon's notice, of course, made every one else think the young surgeon clever, and his business improved so rapidly that he was able to refurnish his somewhat dingy home and dress like a gentleman, in the space of a very few months after the famous fancy ball.

"Another moth," said Cuthbert Winstanley to himself, as he saw him coming, mounted on a well-groomed horse. "Shall I warn him? He'll burn himself for a certainty, the silly fool. Flowers too! What does Doris Carlyon care for any flowers that he or such as he can offer? Is she waiting for a prince, I wonder? I will speak to him, however he may take it."

He bade the young surgeon good day as he came up, and Amphlett Selwyn stopped his horse to speak to him.

They had met once or twice, so were on speaking terms.

"An offering at the shrine of beauty, Mr. Selwyn?" he said, pointing to the elaborate little bouquet the surgeon carried with anxious care.

"Yes, exactly—just so," he replied, coloring in confusion. "Miss Carlyon was saying yesterday that she had not in all her gardens a rose of this particular size and color. I promised to procure one for her."

"You should have left it to the gardener, my dear fellow."

"Why?"

"If I'm—it would have been wiser, I think."

"Ah, you fancy I know nothing about it—that I am not a connoisseur in roses. I assure you——"

"Oh no, not at all. I have no doubt you know all about it—it's more than I do. That's not it. To tell you the truth, Selwyn, I am sorry to see you carrying flowers or anything else to Doris Carlyon."

"Sir!"

"Don't misunderstand me. I have known the lady for years, and brilliant as she is, I would not become a suitor of hers for twice her fortune; but I have seen what has happened to others who have done what you are doing, who have been drawn on and on by her smiles and allurements, only to be crushed and humiliated when they thought they had won the right to speak of love?"

"Stop, Mr. Winstanley," the surgeon said, angrily. "What if I tell Miss Carlyon how her guest traduces her? Do you not think the doors of Kingcolm Grange would be shut in your face for ever?"

"No."

"No?"

"I repeat, no; that I give you full and free permission to repeat to Miss Carlyon every word I have uttered as proof that I am honest in the matter at least. She will not shut the doors of this Grange upon me for it."

"I do not need your warning, Mr. Winstanley," the surgeon said, stiffly, but not rudely. "I think perhaps I know all that you would tell me. I thank you for your information, but I need no warning all the same."

"So others have said, and yet gone blindly to what has been ruin in more than one instance—in one case more than ruin."

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"What, may I ask?"

"Death."

"Ah, nothing so unpleasant will ever happen to me; I never go blindly into anything. Miss Carlyon and I thoroughly understand each other."

He bowed politely to end the interview, and urged his horse into a canter up the avenue.

Cuthbert Winstanley stood looking after him for a moment before he turned away.

"Not blind!" he murmured. "Poor fool, he is in the outer darkness if he fancies aught about Doris Carlyon and himself! Understand each other very well, do they? How will they understand each other when she casts him off and laughs at him, as she did at poor Onslow, or drives him into the next world for pity like. Bah, I hate to think of it, but I've warned him. Perhaps he may take the hint and be careful after all."

He was mistaken in Amphlett Selwyn. That young gentleman, far from being blind, had his eyes very wide open indeed, and, moreover, he had spoken the truth when he said Doris Carlyon and he understood each other very well. They did perhaps better than any two people on earth.

An hour later Amphlett Selwyn and Doris Carlyon were standing together in the long drawing-room at the Grange. He had asked for a private interview with her, and she had led him to this room where they were not likely to be disturbed. The sun was declining, and the red rays lit up the weird-looking portrait of the heiress with unnatural and too glowing radiance. The figure stood out in a curious way, and the folds of the crimson scarf looked more than ever like blood stains.

Selwyn quite shivered as he looked at it.

"That's an awful picture," he remarked, with a grimace.

"So every one says. They say I look as if I had been stabbed. I can't say I see it myself. I rather like it, it is so very uncommon-looking. It is not a grand work of art certainly; but it is a faithful portrait, and that is saying a good deal in these days of flattery."

"It is horrible."

"Was it to discuss the merits and demerits of that picture that you asked for a private interview with me, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No, Miss Carlyon."

"May I ask for what, then?"

"For a business of far more importance to me, I can assure you."

"Indeed?"

"Even so."

"And you want my help."

"I do."

He laughed slightly as he spoke—a confident little laugh, which made Doris Carlyon feel uncomfortable, she could not tell why.

"I am not free from the faults of my sex," she said, carelessly. "I confess to curiosity. What is this weighty business? Does it concern——"

She stopped abruptly, as though some uncomfortable thought had suddenly presented itself to her mind, and the faint color died out of her face.

"It concerns you and me, Miss Carlyon—no one else. I have no news for you, good or bad; all is safe."

"Then nothing can affect me much. What do you want of me, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Yourself."

"Myself?"

"Just that, and nothing else."

"What for?"

"For my wife!"

Doris Carlyon stared at him in wild amazement.

This country surgeon—the man who attended her servants when they were ill—to dare to aspire to her hand! He had never spoken one word of love to her since she saw him first, and now in the most matter-of-fact way he demanded her hand.

"Are you mad, or am I?" she said, presently. "Did I hear you aright?"

"PARDON ME, MADAM," SAID MR. VANBUREN, "ARE THESE JEWELS YOUR OWN?" "SIR!" "NO OFFENCE, I HOPE, BUT I MUST KNOW."

"I hope you did. I had the honor to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife! I, Doris Carlyon! You are mad, Mr. Selwyn—or have you been taking too much wine this morning?"

"Neither," he replied, in the same matter-of-fact tone. "I have tasted nothing, and I am not mad. I do not speak of how I love you, how I worship the ground you walk upon, as other men have done, to be repulsed and driven mad. I have reasoned the matter with myself, and came here to ask this great boon at your hands."

"You are a strange man, sir. Your request sounds like a demand."

"It is a demand."

"And you expect me to accede to it?"

"I do."

"Then I have but one answer to such folly, and that is to wish you a very good morning, Mr. Amphlett Selwyn."

She turned to go with an air of proud defiance on her face, but he stopped her before she reached the door.

"Stay, madam," he said. "Do not go without considering what I have said."

"I have considered. Allow me to pass, if you please."

"Not till I have finished what I have to say. You must marry me."

"Must!"

"Yes, must, unless you prefer the alternative of full publicity regarding certain events with which I am acquainted. They would make a very pretty story for the newspapers, would they not?"

"Mr. Selwyn, I have made a very great mistake in you."

"How, Miss Carlyon?"

"I mistook you for a gentleman, that is all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. SELWYN NAMES HIS PRICE.

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil to the ninth part of a hair.
—*Shakespeare.*

"I trust you were not mistaken in your opinion of me," Mr. Selwyn replied. "I am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit the name. I am a gentleman, though a poor one, Miss Carlyon, of a family perhaps as old as your own."

"I do not dispute the fact, sir."

"Then how have I merited your last remark?"

Doris Carlyon's eyes flashed with an angry light as she turned them upon him, and her slight frame reared itself erect with passionate *hauteur*.

"A gentleman would not trade upon a lady's secret," she said, bitterly. "A man who valued the honorable name, which is before any title in the universe, would not threaten a woman."

"Threaten! that is a harsh word."

"You threatened me just now. You gave me the alternative of marrying you, or being held up to public scorn—a strange way of wooing, truly."

"I was wrong in that, perhaps," he said, still preventing her leaving the room. "I should have told you my love, for I do love you with a love such as I never felt for a woman before—a burning, fiery passion, that eats into my heart like fire. What I wanted to make you see was the expediency of the thing."

"Expediency! In my marriage with you?"

"Yes."

"Expedient for you it would be, of course. You would like well to be master here—to have my wealth to play the gentleman with, my servants to lord it over, my house and myself to do with as you please. It is ambition that is eating at your heart, Amphlett Selwyn, not love."

"Say both," he replied with a quiet smile. "I should like all the things you name, and enjoy them as a man who has struggled with poverty only can; but I should like yourself better. Think it over, Miss Carlyon."

"There cannot be another thought about such a thing," she said, haughtily. "If I thought from now till the last day of my life I could have but one answer—such a union cannot be."

"Cannot!"

"No."

"I think it can, and will. I am a tolerably determined man, Miss Carlyon, and I fancy I shall have my way in this matter. You will see it as I do after a little reflection."

"I shall not. I tell you, sir, it cannot be. If I loved you as woman never loved since the world was created, I could never be your wife. I——"

She stopped abruptly, and he could see that she was trembling. He mistook it for a sign of wavering.

"At the risk of being again called ungentlemanly," he said, quietly, "I must remind you of the alternative I offered you—either the protection of a husband, and one you will have no cause to blush for, or the publicity of all that has passed between you and me for the past year."

She was brought to bay now, and faced him with a new resolution in her white face.

"Mr. Amphlett Selwyn——" she began.

"I am all attention, madam."

"What will you take to go out to Australia, and stop there."

"All my life?"

"All your life, never to be seen or heard of in England again."

"Nothing that you could offer me," he replied. "Not all the revenues of Kingcolm Grange, unless you went with me as my wife."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"Nothing."

"You press me hard," she said, putting her hand to her forehead; "and when a man threatens, a woman is weak. You have been of service to me—great service—and I have striven to repay you."

"You have done so."

"But now you make a demand I cannot grant. Can I trust you with a secret?"

"You have found me keep one faithfully. Use your discretion about any other."

"It concerns what you have spoken of. Come here—closer. Sometimes I fancy the very walls have ears."

She was pale, trembling, and quite unlike her haughty self now.

"I must tell him," she said to herself. "He will understand then."

She drew him close to her—so close that the loose curls of her black hair brushed his shoulder—and whispered a few words into his ear.

He stared at her blankly for a moment, and then laughed bitterly.

"I ought to have guessed it," he said; "but I was blind—blind to all but your beauty and my own hopes."

"Now, what will you take to go the journey I spoke of?" she asked.

"You want to be rid of me?"

"I do."

"You are afraid of my betraying my trust?"

"I am afraid of everything. I fear discovery on every hand. Every strange face, every fresh footstep, thrills me through with sick terror. If the sea were between you and England I should feel safer."

"You can manage without me?"

"Yes."

"And I am to break up my home, give up my practice, and go ten thousand miles at your bidding, that your secrets may be kept."

"Not for nothing. You have but to name your price."

He hesitated a moment, and then answered, boldly—

"Six thousand pounds."

She started a little, but gave no other sign of surprise, though there was an evil light in her eyes as she answered him.

"You value yourself highly, Mr. Selwyn."

"I value the information I possess highly, madam. It would sell for pretty nearly that sum in the market."

She stamped her foot impatiently, and clenched her hands.

"Don't talk of it," she said. "Give me proof that you will keep your word and go, and you shall have the money. It will set you up for a gentleman, maybe, in that thriving colony."

"I intend it shall," he replied, quietly. "As to proof, Miss Carlyon, you shall send your agent to pay me the money when I [illegible] on board the ship that is to take me out. I suppose if she went down in mid-ocean with all hands on board, you would [illegible] merciful dispensation of Provi-

[illegible] me to say I should," she [illegible] "You shall have your price,

[illegible] ear, where have you been all [illegible] n. Bellew exclaimed, push- [illegible] or with the scant ceremony [illegible] of the characteristics of the good [illegible] "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

"Everywhere but here, auntie. Mr. Selwyn and I have been having quite a long chat on business."

"Business! here! If you wanted to talk on business, why on earth didn't you go into the library, where there are pens and ink and things, instead of coming into this great drawing-room, which always gives me the cold shivers? I declare you look quite pale, child, as if it was December instead of a fine June evening."

"Our talk grew, madam," Selwyn said, respectfully. He was always very respectful to Mrs. Bellew, and she liked him in consequence. "I did not mean to detain Miss Carlyon more than a few minutes when I begged the honor of an interview."

"Mr. Selwyn has been telling me a piece of news, auntie," Doris said, carelessly, pulling at the fringe of a little scarf she wore, till the delicate fabric tore into shreds under her passionate fingers.

"Lor, has he now?" the old lady returned. "May I hear it? I like news. My dear child, you are pulling your scarf to pieces."

"Am I?" Doris said, looking at it. "So I am, I declare. How stupid of me."

And she flung the fanciful little thing from her, and let it lie in fragments on the carpet.

Selwyn stooped and picked it up, unnoticed by Mrs. Bellew.

"'In memoriam!'" he whispered as he thrust it into his breast. Then aloud, "You have not told Mrs. Bellew your news, Miss Carlyon."

"Have I not? I thought I had. Well, auntie dear, we are going to lose Mr. Selwyn."

"Lose him, child?"

"Yes, he is going away."

"Ah, yes; going to be married I suppose, like all the young men. I wondered how long you'd rest without a wife, young sir."

"I assure you I have no such intentions, my dear madam," he said, with a smile that was not pleasant to look upon. "I had; but the lady was not favorable to my suit."

"What a pity," said the garrulous old lady, mentally running over all the girls in the neighborhood, and wondering which of them had refused the rising young surgeon. "But there, I suppose it's all for the best. That's what people always say in such cases. Maybe the lady and you wouldn't have suited after all if you had come together."

"Maybe not, madam."

"But that isn't my news," Doris said, somewhat sharply. "The fair lady's refusal, or some other urgent cause, is driving Mr. Selwyn to the other side of the world."

"To where?"

"To Australia, madam."

"Goodness gracious, what do you want there?"

"To set up as a gentleman," said Doris, quietly, but with such bitter contempt in her tone and look that Selwyn could have strangled her where she stood.

"And that won't be much trouble," Mrs. Bellew said, kindly, for she liked the young man. "He's ready made for the business any how."

"Thank you, madam."

"And when do you go?"

"As soon as I can set my house in order at home. I have nothing to keep me in England."

"But can you afford it? Excuse me if I seem impertinent. I'm an old woman, you know, and may ask questions. Have you any capital to start with when you get there?"

"I shall have before I sail," he replied, and she could ask no more, though she worried Doris with all sorts of questions after he was gone, to which the heiress only made very vague and unsatisfactory replies.

"She knew nothing but the fact," she declared. "Mr. Selwyn had told her nothing more."

She was so snappish and short in her answers that Mrs. Bellew was fain to be silent, and from the time of Mr. Selwyn's announcement of his intentions the heiress took what her aunt called one of her restless fits, and ended by starting off to London one day,

without any attendant, on "particular business."

She came back at night, very tired, and seemingly a good deal worried, but had no explanation to give of her sudden journey.

"I wanted to see Madame Elise about those autumn dresses, for one thing," she said, languidly, in answer to a remark from Mrs. Bellew, "and it's a bore to always have Francine at my heels. She's a good girl enough, but maids are a nuisance sometimes."

Mrs. Bellew would have been very much astonished had she known where her niece had gone.

Straight from the station she had driven to a quiet-looking jeweler's shop in a fashionable West-end street. It was next door to a large pawnbroking establishment, where the three golden balls glittered in the sunlight over the door, and where needy folks took their valuables to raise what money they might for present uses.

No mean or vulgar pledges were taken in at Mr. Vanburgh's—no workmen's tools, or the clothes off the backs of shivering wretches, who had to choose between hunger and cold. There were plenty of poor shops in the back streets for such as these, and Mr. Vanburgh's customers never had them come between the wind and their nobility in any way.

Princesses left their jewels sometimes—nay, very often—with the bland gentleman in black, who wore such faultlessly fitting clothes, and a single diamond, the purity of which tempted fabulous offers; and the satins and laces of fair and frail dames, who spent their admirers' money as they listed, found their way on to his roomy shelves, but nothing squalid—nothing that his own daintily-kept fingers might not touch without defilement.

"*J. Smith, Jeweller,*" had apparently nothing to do with "*Amos Vanburgh, Pawnbroker,*" yet it was into the shop bearing the former inscription that Doris Carlyon walked, when she stepped out of her cab, and requested to see the well-known pawnbroker.

"Next door, ma'am," the assistant said, and she smiled scornfully.

"I know I have come right," she said. "I do not wish to enter the shop next door. Be good enough to tell Mr. Vanburgh that a lady is waiting to see him on business, and that her time is precious."

The young man went, and presently returned and ushered Doris into a little room with only a skylight in, and bade her be seated.

"So this is the torture chamber," she said to herself. "A dreary place enough. If I were a thief, now, waiting for an interview with my accuser in a room like this, I should be tempted to try if I couldn't hang myself to yonder hook. It's a horrible room. I hope Mr. Vanburgh won't be long."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SPECIFIC FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
—*Allan Cunningham.*

Mr. Vanburgh was closeted with a gentleman when his assistant announced a lady, and looked up to ask what she was like.

"A real lady, sir, I'm sure," the man replied. "Came to Smith's, and evidently knew she was right."

"Very well; say I'll be with her in a moment. Show her——"

He indicated the room he meant with a jerk of his head. It was, in fact, only divided from the one he was in by a wooden partition.

"Very good, sir."

And the man withdrew.

Mr. Vanburgh drew aside a tiny curtain, which covered a convenient peep-hole, and looked at Doris, as she sat impatiently waiting.

"Can't see her face," he said; "but Gainsford is right—she is a lady. I won't be long, if you will kindly mark that list, and let me know which of the bronzes you prefer," he went on, addressing the gentleman he was closeted with, who merely said "All right," and went on with what he was about.

He was not much interested in Mr. Vanburgh's customers.

That gentleman entered what Doris had called to herself the chamber of torture, with a bland smile.

"What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, madam?" he asked, in his most mellifluous tones.

"Lend me some money, if you please," she replied, shortly.

"Certainly, madam; that is my business. How much?"

"Six thousand pounds."

"Six—— I—I beg your pardon," the pawnbroker said, in amazement, "did I understand you rightly?"

"I presume you did. I require six thousand pounds."

Mr. Vanburgh looked at the quietly-dressed, veiled figure, and hesitated. Such sums as she had named were demanded sometimes by great ladies on their jewels, or gentlemen on their family plate; but never by chance customers in cabs, who gave no name, and carried nothing but small bags in their hands.

"Pardon me," he said, politely, "transactions of such magnitude as that can only be entered into when we have a thorough knowledge of the party borrowing, and on the production of ample security."

"You shall have good security."

"Of what kind?"

"Jewels."

"Where are they?"

"Here."

She unlocked the case she carried, and took out its contents one by one—flat, old-fashioned cases most of them, but containing jewels a queen might have envied. The first he opened contained a necklace, which seemed to concentrate in itself every ray of light in the dreary little room, and to make it look almost dark by its flashing radiance. The pawnbroker uttered a little cry of surprise. Even in his long experience he had never seen anything so perfect. Two thousand pounds at least of the promised security hung glittering between his fingers, and the remaining cases being opened showed other trinkets, enough and more than enough to make the loan a safe and profitable one.

And yet Doris Carlyon had not taken all the jewels she possessed. She had left herself quite enough to make a show with, whenever it should please her to deck herself out with gems.

Mr. Vanburgh looked at her dubiously for a minute, when she had opened all the cases.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "are these jewels your own?"

"Sir!"

"No offence, I hope, but I must know."

"They are mine."

"And your name and address, if you please?"

"I do not wish my name known here."

"Then I can do no business with you," he said, in a severe tone. "No pawnbroker in London would dare to receive valuable property like that from an unknown person. Unless you will favor me with full particulars, and inform me how you came by these things, I must——"

"Have me arrested for a thief, I suppose," she said, passionately, throwing back her veil and confronting him. "I wanted to borrow some money privately, not to have it blazoned to all the world."

"It will not be; my business is strictly private, madam."

"Do you know me now?"

A vague idea that he did crossed Mr. Vanburgh's mind, but he wasn't quite sure.

"I have not that honor," he said.

"I am Miss Carlyon, of Kingcolm Grange. Will that satisfy you?"

Hardly. Mr. Vanburgh had a dim idea that he had seen the splendid dark face before; but the plain dress, and the fact of the lady being alone, made him doubtful.

"Will you allow me to consult with my manager?" he said, blandly. "The jewels will be quite safe in my keeping."

"I am quite aware of that," she said, haughtily. "I am somewhat too well known to make any tampering with my property possible."

He took up the cases and left the room, and Doris Carlyon sat waiting, every nerve quivering with indignation.

"Anything would have been better than this insult," she said to herself. "I had better have obtained a loan publicly through my agent, or even have asked my proud, censorious cousin, Ernest Dormer, to help me than to have come to this man. He would have managed it for me. I have a great mind to get out of this place and go to him as it is."

She would not have had far to go, for Ernest Dormer was the gentleman who had been closeted with Mr. Vanburgh. He had struck up an acquaintance with him in a curiosity shop on the Continent, and had found him a well-educated, gentlemanly man; so the acquaintance had been carried on, and Ernest Dormer had spent many a pleasant hour in the well-appointed house of the famous pawnbroker. It was a rare thing for him to go to his place of business; but a notification of some recently-arrived curiosities had tempted him thither on that day.

"Well," he said, as the pawnbroker entered, "what does the fair *incognita* want?"

"Six thousand pounds."

"What?"

"Six thousand pounds."

"A modest request for a lady. Are you going to let her have it?"

"Well, I'm hesitating between two opinions—whether to take her at her word, or to send for the police. She says she's your cousin, Doris Carlyon."

"Doris Carlyon! Nonsense!"

"She says so, and she has brought these things to pledge."

He opened the cases one by one, and Ernest Dormer rubbed his eyes and stared at them in amazement.

"They are her jewels, sure enough," he said. "I can swear to every one of them. But has she brought them?"

For answer the pawnbroker drew aside the little curtain, and motioned to him to look through. The corner was in shadow, so that he could see into the next room without being seen. It was Doris, sure enough—Doris in one of her tantrums, he said to himself, for she was walking up and down like a caged panther, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom. She fancied she had been specially insulted by the questions Mr. Vanburgh had put to her, and was indignant accordingly.

"You may land the money with perfect safety," Ernest said, returning to his seat. "If you want further security than those jewels, I will give it. The lady is Miss Carlyon. Do not let her know I have seen her."

"Certainly not," replied the pawnbroker.

And calling his managing man to number and write the description of the goods to be left in pledge, he hurried back to inform Doris Carlyon, with much urbanity, that she could have the money within an hour.

"Then you have changed your opinion?" she asked, scornfully. "You do not think the interference of the police will be necessary."

Mr. Vanburgh smirked and protested. He had only been examining the jewels, and begged to know how Miss Carlyon would have the money.

Miss Carlyon would have it in notes, one thousand of it in small notes, and would wait for it if the pawnbroker would allow her.

Mr. Vanburgh was only too happy, and Doris was conducted to a luxuriously-furnished little room, his own private sanctum when he chose not to be at home, and furnished with a newspaper, and offered refreshment, to while away the time while the clerk was gone with a check to the bank.

She never dreamed that she had been seen and identified, least of all, by Ernest Dormer, who left the shop firmly determined to find out what his cousin Doris wanted such a sum of money in secret for.

"She would have had no difficulty in getting it openly," he said. "There's something underhand going on. I shall try and find it out."

A week later Amphlett Selwyn stood on the deck of the good ship Atalanta, from Southampton to Melbourne, waiting the arrival of Miss Carlyon's agent. He knew it was all right, for he had received intimation from her lawyer that the money would be forthcoming; but to his amazement, instead of a man of business, there tripped on deck Miss Carlyon herself, accompanied by Mrs. Bellew.

"I don't believe we shall ever get back safe," said that old lady, in dismay at the water; "but Doris would come to say good-bye. Don't you think you had better stay at home, Mr. Selwyn?"

"No, madam, I do not. I feel deeply honored by this condescension, Miss Carlyon."

"You have no need. It was curiosity that brought me here. I wanted to see what these big ocean steamers were like. I came over in a sailing vessel from Mexico."

She drew a little packet from her pocket as she spoke, and put it into his hand.

"Go somewhere and count them," she said, shortly. "Auntie and I will stay here the while."

He pointed to seats and left them, and returned in a very few minutes with a pleased face.

"Right?" she asked.

"To a fraction."

"And you are satisfied?"

"I am."

"And will keep your promise?"

"I will."

"Then it is a final good-bye?"

"Quite."

"Then shake hands on it, and good-bye, Mr. Selwyn. We will get ashore. Mind, good-bye does not mean that you are not to write. We shall be happy to hear of your welfare."

"She would be happier to hear of my death," thought Selwyn to himself, catching sight of her face, which was turned away for a moment. "Thank you, Miss Carlyon; you are very kind."

"Not at all. Come, auntie, say good-bye to Mr. Selwyn, and let us go."

"And you are going off, Doris, without even giving him the lozenges, after all," Mrs. Bellew said, rummaging in her bag; "and you took such pains to get them."

"Perhaps Mr. Selwyn won't care for them, auntie dear. He may not pin his faith on such nostrums. It is only a specific against sea-sickness, which my father used to declare infallible, and which I myself found most efficacious. Will you try them? One lozenge to be allowed to dissolve in the mouth every hour or so. They are not at all disagreeable."

She spoke nonchalantly, like a child repeating a lesson, and held out a flat, oblong packet to him without looking into his face. For answer he took it from her without a word, and looking her full in the face, hurled it as far as his strong arm could send it into the water. Then he turned on his heel and walked away without another word.

The little parcel floated on the still water of the harbor, and Doris stood looking at it with a strange, absent expression on her face.

"What a rude young man!" Mrs. Bellew began, when she was checked by an incident which brought every one in wild amusement to that side of the ship.

A gentleman who had been standing close enough to hear what had passed watched the flight of the packet through the air, and then touched a sailor at his side on the shoulder.

"Can you swim, my man?" he asked.

"Like a duck, sir."

"Fetch me that parcel before it sinks, and I'll give you five pounds."

Over went the man with a pounce and a splash, and Doris Carlyon, starting back at the noise, found herself face to face with her cousin, Ernest Dormer.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

Gustavus the Third, who ascended the throne of Sweden at the latter end of the eighteenth century, was, during his short but brilliant reign, greatly and deservedly beloved by the middle and lower classes of his subjects, to whom he dealt out justice with a firm and even, but always with a kindly hand—and, in short, was in every sense of the phrase, a true, honest, and upright King of the Commons.

But the nobility viewed this state of things with unspeakable annoyance, and ultimately so deep and wide-spreading a feeling of discontent pervaded the highest circles of Stockholm, that it finally engendered a secret conspiracy which aimed at the dethronement of the King.

Such was the state of affairs in the capital on the morning of one of the late-days appointed by Gustavus for the recreation of the humbler portions of his subjects, when a more than usual crowd of nobles, courtiers, diplomatists, artists, citizens and peasants had assembled in the superb ante-chamber communicating with his majesty's private apartments. They were waiting the general levee, which was invariably held at mid-day during the King's residence in Stockholm.

A detachment of Swedish Grenadiers of the Guard lined the principal entrances to the apartments, and numerous knots of visitors stood chatting and conversing in groups, which well-nigh filled the vast saloon.

In the recesses of a somewhat retired window the Counts De Horn and De Warting might be noticed, surrounded by several of the noblesse, who were gesticulating eagerly, and exchanging words in that very subdued manner which indicates extreme caution, if not something more.

"It is positively unbearable," said De Warting. "I, for my part, can endure it no longer!"

"Nor can we!" replied more than one of the nobles with whom he was conversing.

"Hush, my lords!" interposed the Count De Horn, in those decided tones which carry conviction with them. "We are already suspected, and I have reason to believe that Ankarstrom's spies have been set upon our track. Until the hour comes to strike be silent as the grave, unless we are alone; and even then utter no word that is not needful for carrying out our arrangements. Let us meet the tyrant with a fair face, and be more than ever courteous and submissive in our bearing."

"Were it not for the presence of yon rabble mob, among whom he is so popular, my sword should force an introduction to his heart's blood this very morning," muttered another of the group.

"I must hear no more of this, my lord!" repeated De Horn, in a stern whisper.—"Would you hazard our enterprise by these useless threats? Your sword would not be half out of its scabbard before we should be torn to pieces by the *canaille* now gathering round you dear, to welcome his appearance."

"But——"

"Not one word more, or I withdraw from our compact! You have unanimously named me leader of this great but perilous undertaking, and I command your absolute silence till the moment for action shall arrive."

The noble conspirator who had been addressed in this curt and ungracious manner was evidently about to reply, when the doors of the King's private apartments were thrown open, and his favorite page, Oscar, came forward announcing his Majesty. For a moment there was profound silence, and then, amid the acclamations of the citizens and peasants, and the more courtly, but less sincere, salutations of the glittering throng, Gustavus entered the saloon.

After graciously receiving many petitions, and listening to several verbal entreaties from the humbler portion of his subjects, to whom he generally gave audience first, the King immediately joined a group of artists, and chatted pleasantly about his new opera house, on the embellishments of which he was bestowing great expense and care.

"Well, Roslin," said he, familiarly tapping the young painter on the shoulder, "hast completed the Venus of the centre panel?"

"Last night, your Majesty."

"Good. I will look in this afternoon, and find more work for thy facile pencil!" Then turning to the most renowned of Swedish sculptors, he continued, "And what think'st thou, friend Sergell, of the new position I have chosen for thy Spartan Gladiator?"

"Sire, I only received intelligence of your Majesty's wishes late last evening, but I think so highly of the alteration that I have already caused my work to be removed there."

"And thou dost really deem my alteration an improvement?" somewhat anxiously inquired Gustavus.

"Sire," replied the rugged, plain, outspoken sculptor, "if I had not thought so, I should, with your Majesty's permission, have withdrawn my work, rather than have consented to its removal."

"Ha! ha! ha! I do believe thou wouldst, even though thy Sovereign Lord and King commanded otherwise," responded Gustavus, with great gratification.

And so for well-nigh half an hour did the illustrious patron of art continue pleasantly gossipping with his artists retainers and subjects, while the weary courtiers and angry nobles waited, and looked on, and walked to and fro through the vast saloon with impatience and contempt. Even the principal ballet-master obtained a private hearing while he explained and dilated on the preparations he was making for the grand bal-masque, with which the King was about to open his new opera house on the following evening.

At length Gustavus turned his attention to the more legitimate business of the morning—namely, the reception of those whose rank, or official standing, or military and civil appointments conferred on them the privilege of unquestioned access to their Sovereign;—and the monarch dispensed his smiles and favors, and promises, and attentions, and confidences among the brilliant throng with unceasing *bonhommie* till the close of the levee.

The last of the crowd of courtiers had departed, and the King had languidly seated himself in a recess of one of the windows, gazing listlessly out on the magnificent gardens below, when his favorite page approached, and presented a paper.

"May it please your Majesty, the list of invitations for to-morrow evening's masked ball."

"Ah!" wearily but gently said the King, as he took the paper; "that is a most important affair to you, Oscar, no doubt."

"Oh, very!" replied the saucy and much indulged boy.

"Well, let us see of whom our guests are to consist. The Duchess of Holberg, the Duchess of Gothland, the Countess de Wurting, the Countess Ankarstrom——" And on reading this name, Gustavus suddenly paused, as if overcome by irrepressible emotion.

"It is very strange," thought Oscar, "but I have observed for a long time that, whenever her name is mentioned, he becomes for a moment quite unnerved."

"She will be there," murmured Gustavus to himself. "I cannot avoid seeing her. Oh, how my poor heart beats with mingled joy and pain! Go," continued he to the page. "I would be alone. Leave me."

As Oscar was about to retire, Count Ankarstrom, the King's most trusted and worthy friend, entered the apartment.

"His Majesty desires to be alone," whispered the page; "but I am certain the order could not be meant to apply to you, Count;" and so saying, he quitted the saloon.

Ankarstrom, who was most devotedly attached to his royal master, seemed at first undecided whether to advance or retire; but observing the King appeared sunk in a gloomy reverie, he approached.

"Sire!" said he.

"Ankarstrom, my friend, you here?" murmured Gustavus, shuddering, in spite of all his efforts to appear calm.

"Sire," continued the Count, "What has happened? Confide in me, I implore you!"

"I dare not!—I cannot!—impossible!"

"Then, sire," replied Ankarstrom, "the time has come when I can no longer keep silence."

"Merciful providence!" ejaculated the conscience-stricken Sovereign.

"I know all, sire!"

"I am lost!" muttered Gustavus, with uncontrollable emotion. "But it is a just recompense for my sinful passion."

"Listen, sire," proceeded the Count, with solemnity. "Among this crowd of courtiers, who are so loud in their professions of loyalty and love, there are some who are plotting your dethronement——"

"Ah! is that all? Nothing more than that?" interrupted the King, with intense relief.

"And also your assassination. I have discovered the authors of this foul conspiracy."

"I breathe again!" exclaimed Gustavus.

"And now, sire, I will give you a list of their names."

"No—no; be silent!"

"It is my duty to speak."

"Then it will be my duty to punish. I will know nothing—I will hear nothing further. Let them be informed that I am aware of their plottings and their treachery. The warning will suffice to disarm and render them powerless."

"Sire, it will only increase their audacity."

At this moment the Minister of Justice entered, bearing several official papers, which required the King's signature, and among them was one which decreed the arrest and banishment of a celebrated fortune-teller, named Arvedson, whom many of the highest as well as the lowest classes in Stockholm were in the habit of consulting both openly and secretly.

On looking over this document, Gustavus strongly objected to the infliction of so heavy a punishment for so trivial an offence, and he resolved to visit this woman in disguise, and judge for himself how far so severe a decree was just or necessary.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

The house of Arvedson, the fortune-teller, was situated near the water-side, and the port of Stockholm was plainly visible through a large window at the back of the apartment in which she practiced her mystical profession.

From its proximity to the shipping, a large portion of those who sought her aid were seamen; and it was in the disguise of a sailor that Gustavus entered her dwelling through the gateway that was open to all customers, and mingled with the crowd by which the old woman was surrounded.

"None of my courtier friends seem to have arrived yet," said he to himself, looking round the large room with considerable curiosity, as he elbowed his way towards the fortune-teller, who was busy in her divinations.

"I say, avast there!—it's my turn next!" bawled a brawny, grizzle-bearded seaman, of colossal stature, making his way through the inner ring of eager lookers-on. "Here! —my name's Hans Christian. I'm boatswain of his Majesty's ship Kraken, now in the harbor. I've served the King for eighteen years, and as yet I've received nothing!"

"Nothing?" demanded the surprised sorceress.

"Nothing but half a dozen large wounds, and scores of lesser ones! And I want to know whether my luck is going to improve or not? I think it's high time it did!"

"A brave fellow! So do I!" muttered Gustavus, who happened to be standing close at his side.

"Give me thy hand," said Arvedson.

"I'll pay you well if you can promise me better fortune."

After closely examining the seaman's hand, the sorceress, in solemn and sententious tones, replied, "The lines here tell me thou wilt shortly receive from thy Sovereign a higher grade of rank, and a sum of gold, in quittance of arrears of pay."

"She shall speak the truth for this once, at all events!" muttered the disguised monarch, as, rapidly taking a rouleau of gold from his vest, and writing a few words on it with a pencil, dropped it unnoticed into the boatswain's coat pocket.

"By Neptune, that will be good fortune, indeed, if it turns out as you've prophecied!" exclaimed the delighted sailor.—"Well, how much have I to pay?"

"Ten dollars."

"Humph! That's a big sum, and my pouch is not over full," grumbled Christian, as he plunged his brawny hand into his coat pocket. "I don't think I've got above four in the world. Eh! what the deuce is this?" and he pulled out the rouleau, on which he gazed with petrified astonishment, while he read the following:—"King Gustavus, to his old comrade, Hans Christian, Lieutenant of the Kraken sloop-of-war. An officer's commission and gold! It's a miracle!"

"It's a miracle!" shouted the crowd of eager listeners.

"It is, indeed!" murmured the astounded sorceress.

"It is, indeed!" echoed the disguised monarch, laughing heartily.

At this moment a subdued, but distinct, sound of knocking was heard at a small private door, which led into the back garden, through which the fortune-teller received her clients of the upper classes, by whom she was, as we have already said, very frequently consulted.

"Some one knocks," muttered she. "I must rid myself of this lot!" And while the crowd were eagerly talking over Christian's good fortune, she opened the door, and a servant out of livery appeared.

"What do I see?" murmured Gustavus, who had been watching her movements with some curiosity. "That man is a servant of Count Ankarstrom!"

"My noble mistress wishes to see you, madam. She waits without, and desires to consult you in secret."

"'Tis well," replied Arvedson; while Gustavus, who had been intently listening, seemed for a moment overjoyed at the possible prospect of an interview with the fair being whom he loved, "not wisely, but too well."

"Tell your lady," continued the fortune-teller, "she has nothing to fear;" and closing the private door as the valet departed, she soon got rid of the crowd by announcing, in oracular tones, that the hour had arrived when she must hold consultation with those unseen spirits from whom she derived her power.

Meantime, as she was dismissing her visitors, and carefully barring the outer entrance, Gustavus, after glancing hurriedly round, concealed himself unnoticed behind an old cabinet near the fire-place.

Arvedson, quite unsuspicious of the presence of a third person, now proceeded to open the inner private door, and the Countess Ankarstrom entered, pale, trembling, and scarcely able to support herself.

"Be not alarmed," said the sybil, in soothing accents; "we are alone. Say, why do you seek my services?"

"If all I hear be true, you should be able to divine," timidly responded the Countess.

"Humph! Let me see your hand—does it concern friendship? No; these lines all speak of nought but love."

"Ah! you know my secret," whispered the Countess.

"She loves!" murmured Gustavus, in his place of concealment. "She loves!—but whom? Not her husband, or why come here?"

"Proceed!" said the sybil.

"I love one—one who is of exalted rank—in spite of all my efforts to banish his image from my heart. I would eradicate this unholy passion."

"It is I whom she loves," thought the King, in an indescribable state of mingled rapture and amazement.

"Listen!" said Arvedson, in tones of deeply-marked solemnity. "I am acquainted with a plant of infallible effect in working the cure you seek!"

"Take this purse; its contents shall be doubled if you require it," interrupted the Countess, with almost frenzied eagerness.

"But," continued the sybil, "it must be gathered by your own hand, under circumstances which will require no ordinary courage."

"I would brave death to accomplish my desire."

"Hearken! Without the city wall there is a well-known spot—a spot accursed of men, for there stands the gibbet on which the criminals of Stockholm, condemned to death, have been impaled for the last five hundred years. Thither you must go at midnight."

"I will."

"And there you must pluck with your own hand the dark berries of a certain green, broad-leaved plant, which only grows immediately beneath the dread instrument of justice!"

"I will go."

"If you blench; if, having arrived at the fatal spot, you falter, and fail in your purpose, all future hope of being able to compass your desire will be in vain!"

The Countess inwardly prayed for strength and firmness to carry her through the ordeal.

"Your heart misgives you?" said the sorceress, with a searching glance.

"No; duty commands—virtue inspires me!" replied the Countess, with intense fervor.

"You will bring those berries to me at this same hour to-morrow, and then my share of the task shall quickly be accomplished."

"I will do so," rejoined Madam Ankarstrom.

At this juncture, a loud and continued knocking was heard at the outer gate, with boisterous demands for instant admission.

"Our conference for to-day is finished," said the sybil, hurriedly. "Your ladyship had better not be seen."

"Not for the world! Farewell till to-morrow! At midnight I shall be there?"

"And I, too, will be there, to watch over and protect thee from all harm!" murmured the King, from his hiding-place, as he saw her rapidly quit the room, and disappear through the garden-gate.

Meanwhile, the cries and knockings continued, and when the fortune-teller opened the gate, a whole crowd of disguised young nobles and courtiers burst in, brusquely demanding to have their fortunes told, the King slipping among them unnoticed from behind the cabinet.

"Daughter of Beelzebub, we come to know our future fate!" cried one.

"Grandmother of Lucifer, I want my fortune told!" cried another.

"Hold!" said the disguised monarch, coolly coming forward. "I claim precedence, neighbors!" and on recognizing the well-known voice, all, of course, gave way.

"I didn't know he was among our party," whispered De Horn to a fellow-conspirator.

"A fine chance lost!" grumbled De Warting. "His friends muster too strong here now."

"I don't think we have any right to insult or annoy this woman," continued Gustavus. "For my part, I came here only to have my fortune told; and I'll trouble you, comrades, to be a little more quiet, or I shan't be able to hear what she says," and, with this admonition, he thrust out his hand, with a piece of gold lying in the open palm. "Now, old lady, I'm first turn at the wheel!"

"Ha!" slowly said the sybil, after examining the King's hand attentively. "This is a valiant hand! It knows well how to wield a sword."

"That's quite true!" exclaimed Oscar, with vivacity.

"Silence!" said Gustavus to the boy. "Now proceed."

But Arvedson, after a further examination, exclaimed, with a slight sigh of regret, "Alas! alas! Go; question me no further!"

"Nonsense, woman! I insist!—well—no—I request!"

"Speak out!—speak out!" cried the surrounding courtiers.

"Well, then," proceeded Arvedson, with great unwillingness, —"shortly thou wilt die!"

"If it be on the field of glory, I shall be content!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Meanest thou in war? Ah, no! that is not thy destiny. Thou wilt die by the hand of an assassin!"

At this sinister announcement, spoken in tones of the deepest conviction, all but the King seemed paralyzed with horror.

"Nonsense!" said Gustavus, gaily. "But come, complete your prophecy. Tell me by whose act I am thus doomed to die."

"Beware of the man who first takes thee by the hand this day!"

"Oh, another miracle," responded the monarch, with a hearty laugh of unbelief. "Come, sirs, will none of you shake hands with a poor sailor?" All shrank from the proffered grasp, and he continued: "What I will no one venture to give the oracle the lie?"

At this singular crisis Ankarstrom suddenly appeared, and was eagerly and heartily shaken by the hand by his royal master.

The throng seemed relieved at the happy *denouement* of an untoward incident which had threatened to prove no strange a source of difficulty.

"I, brother again," whispered De Horn to De Warting.

"I thought we were betrayed," replied the other.

"For once, sire, the sybil was in error," cried the King, gaily; "for this, at all events, is the hand of a true friend."

"Ah, sire!" said Ankarstrom, returning with emotion the warm and renewed pressure of his Sovereign's hand.

"Sire! Can it be the King?" exclaimed the sybil, in astonishment.

"You were a great magician, truly, not to have known that!" responded Gustavus, merrily. "Moreover, your art has not even enabled you to guess that you are doomed to banishment."

"I, sire?"

"Yes, indeed: but don't be alarmed. You have my permission to stay; and," continued the liberal monarch, throwing her a purse of gold, "there is a trifle to recompense you for the somewhat free language of my friends."

"Oh, my generous master," replied Arvedson, "permit me to repeat my warning."

"Silence, woman! Thou art mad!" sternly replied the King.

"This woman knows more than we suspect. She must be removed from our path without delay," whispered De Horn to a conspirator who stood near.

"Gentlemen, you will all dine with me at the palace to-day," said Gustavus; and leaning familiarly on the arm of his most intimate friend Ankarstrom, he gaily quitted the dwelling of the sorceress.

CHAPTER III.

THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

It wanted but a few moments of midnight. The snow was falling fast, and the wind moaned dreadfully through a pass in the rocks, along which a closely-hooded female appeared advancing with faltering steps towards two vast, black pillars, which bore a cross-beam on their summit, and stood beneath the shadow of a row of withered, gnarled old elms.

She halted at almost every step, glancing fearfully around, and as a church bell in the distance boomed forth the hour of twelve, she shuddered—shrank—as if overcome with horror, and sank well-nigh inanimate to the earth. This female was the Countess Ankarstrom, who had with difficulty summoned thus far to obtain the charmed berries which the sybil required.

"My strength fails utterly. I can go no further," murmured the hapless lady.

After more than one vain attempt to gain the dreaded spot from which she was now but a few yards distant, she was horrified to hear the sound of fast approaching footsteps, and in a moment afterwards recoiled with unmixed affright on finding herself face to face with the King.

Gustavus had closely followed, unseen, to protect and defend her from all possible danger. But his explanations and entreaties were alike ineffectual and unheeded. In wild dismay she implored him to leave her; and, while half-confessing her hapless love, exacted from him a solemn promise never to seek her presence again.

At the very moment the monarch was pledging his kingly honor to that effect, a second rapid footfall was heard advancing through the rocky passage, which formed the usual approach to this gloomy, death-fraught spot.

"Hark! Some one comes!" whispered the Countess, in extreme terror.

"At such an hour—in such a place? Who can it be?" And half-unsheathing his sword, the startled King, when he turned to confront, and, if needful, repel the intruder, saw, with dismay, within a few paces of him, Count Ankarstrom.

"Ankarstrom!" burst from the King's lips.

"My husband!" murmured the Countess. "I am lost!"

"You here, sire!" exclaimed Ankarstrom. "Is it possible that, for the sake of pursuing a puerile amour, you will persist in hazarding a life which all Sweden holds so dear?"

"Why have you followed me?" asked Gustavus, with impatience.

"Because I heard, sire, that you had quitted Stockholm *alone;* and I am not the only person by whom you have been followed! Vengeful hatred is as watchful as loyal friendship. At this moment, among the rocks, a dozen swords are gleaming that seek your life! Your every footstep is tracked—the traitors are close at hand. Concealed beneath this mantle I passed through them undetected. They know you are here—that there is a lady with you. That is the only path by which you can escape," continued Ankarstrom, pointing to a side opening among the rocks; "and this," —giving Gustavus his mantle—"will conceal you from their view."

"Thanks, my trusty friend! Let us lose no time. Come, madame;" and, taking her hand, he was about to depart.

But Ankarstrom instantly interposed to forbid this arrangement. He explained that the conspirators, knowing there was a lady with the King, would certainly, if they saw Gustavus thus accompanied, conclude that this was the monarch, and his wife

would fall a sacrifice. He therefore offered to take charge of her himself, pledging his word of honor not to seek to discover who she was, but to conduct her in safety to the city gates.

After much hesitation on the part of Gustavus, he was ultimately prevailed on, and indeed forced to consent to this, his only mode of escape; and he had scarcely disappeared through the bye-path among the rocks before the conspirators were seen cautiously emerging from the main road, and then stealthily advancing through the gloom towards Ankarstrom and the veiled lady, whom he little suspected to be his own wife.

"Come, lady," said the Count; "I have sworn to guide you in safety to the city gates, and I will keep my word."

"Would I were dead," murmured the trembling woman.

"Ha! what means this? Who and what are ye?" demanded Ankarstrom, in stern, commanding tones, as, on turning to depart, he perceived the conspirators within a few paces of him.

"Tis not the King?" exclaimed De Horn.

"No; the King is not here, sire," replied Ankarstrom, with a grim smile.

"Can it be possible that this is Count Ankarstrom?" inquired the other, with undisguised astonishment.

"Even so, gentlemen. I need not inquire further who you are; and I beg to ask Counts De Horn and De Warting what purpose has brought them here?"

"Hem! Well, perhaps we came here, as you appear to have come—to meet a lady," responded De Horn.

"Moreover," added De Warting, "as you have been so much more fortunate than we, you will, as compensation for our disappointment, permit us to steal a glance at the fair face of the closely-veiled charmer whom we see beside you." And he advanced, as if determined to execute his purpose.

"Stand back! Approach her, and you die!" exclaimed Ankarstrom, drawing his sword.

"Nay; if that is to be the game, Count, you will find it rather a perilous one to play!" responded De Horn, drawing his sword, an example which was followed by several more conspirators; while others of the party produced torches from beneath their mantles, which, when lighted, threw a lurid glare upon the thickening *melee*.

For some few moments Ankarstrom, who was a magnificent swordsman, held his ground, even against both the conspirators who had originally commenced the quarrel, but his foot slipping on the newly-fallen snow, he fell heavily to the earth, and would most assuredly have become a victim to their ungovernable hatred, had not his wife, unable to control herself at the sight of her husband's danger, rushed frantically between him and his assailants.

In the struggle that ensued, her veil and hood were torn, or fell from her face.

Her husband gazed on her as if transfixed to the spot, while all around looked on with undisguised amazement.

"His wife—yes, his own wife!"

"Upon my honor, this a strange adventure!" at last said De Horn. "Come, let us depart, or we may be surprised in our turn."

"Pha! fear nothing," replied De Warting, with sardonic irony. "What harm can befall us while in the society of the King's favorite friend?"

"His mortal enemy, sirs," said Ankarstrom, with an intensity that awed his hearers. "We must meet again, at your house or mine?"

"As you please."

"At mine, then."

"When?"

"To-morrow, at seven."

"I shall expect you. And now, madame, I have sworn to conduct you in safety to the gates of Stockholm. Once more your hand."

And the Count, with stately step, and studied, but formal, politeness, led his well-nigh heart-broken wife through the rocky pass, until they disappeared in the distance. The conspirators, exchanging significant whispers and triumphant glances, slowly followed.

* * * * *

The unhappy and ill-starred Countess, who in vain protested to her stern lord that she had never sacrificed his honor, was not only compelled to witness the interview which took place between the infuriated man and the principal conspirators, among whom he instantly enrolled himself, but was forced to draw the lot which Fate, through her hands, thus assigned to Ankarstrom, of assassinating his unsuspecting Sovereign.

All were invited to the masked ball, which took place that evening; and the King, although anonymously warned of the danger which threatened him, persisted in appearing at it. The monarch's heedless temerity cost him his life, and inflicted on his people an irreparable loss. He was mercilessly shot down, in the midst of the revelry, by his late friend and companion; and expired, in great agony, almost upon the very spot where, a few minutes previously, he had been dancing a cotillion with the assassin's wife.

Had Gustavus been less careful of the welfare of his people, the assassin hand would have been stayed. As it was, the conspirators found their reward in their success. The plot against the unfortunate monarch had no reference to his dynasty, but was fomented and cherished on personal grounds alone; since his son succeeded him, and ruled under a Regency for four years ere he became King.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little by little, you are yet constantly accumulating, and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing very well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself. Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best of men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep your good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

SAVED.

A WIFE'S STORY.

Can a woman hinder fate? And could I hinder or stop the tide of love which came into my heart for Allan Starr? Did I not know the man as well, better than those who warned me against him? If he was in the wrong, then so much the more need of a love strong as death to set him right. How could I throw down that which had been sent to crown my life; and, above all, how could I turn from him, since every step but increased the distance which might lie between us for all eternity?

Once, just once, he doubted me. He had heard that friends were trying to influence me against him, and in the heat of his mad passion he came up to see me. Anger, intense anger and desperation were in his blazing eyes, and the fiercest reproach upon his haughty lips, as he faced me, the first time he ever frowned upon me in all my life.

"So you have given me over, like the rest of them? I thank you," he said, in freezing tones.

"I? what do you mean, Allan?" I asked.

"I mean that the one who dares to speak words which shall take you away from me, must be brave enough to face death itself: for I will——"

I sprung up and covered his quivering lips with both my hands.

"Don't say it, Allan," I cried. "I am yours always. Oh, do keep back the wicked words!"

He caught me in his arms, and burst into tears.

I believe I never saw a man break down wholly before, and I never want to again. It was frightful to see my handsome, brave lover so shaken with stormy sobs. But I knew then how well he loved me; ah! I knew then.

When he was quiet, he made me go upon my knees, and with my hand lifted towards heaven, swear that I would be his for ever, in spite of all that the whole world might say. I was glad enough to do it; and when, afterwards, he added, with his hand clasping mine and both raised, "As I do by thee, so may Divine Justice do by me henceforth," though his terrible earnestness made me shiver a little, I was thankful to feel that we trusted each other at last, and were past all doubting for ever.

We were married soon after, and our life began together. I knew well enough what mine would be. I had not come to a path full of soft, fragrant flowers. It was to be a fearful, if not a long struggle—likely both; for, either I must turn the current of my darling's life, or we should go down together. No earthly power could separate us now. But I was strong in the great love I bore him, and my heart never once faltered.

For a month after our marriage he came home regularly—his apparent occupation was head clerk in a well known firm; but I knew, oh pity! that his real employment was far enough removed from anything as honorable as that—but then he began to return later, until one, two, three, and sometimes four o'clock would strike without bringing him.

I had resolved at first that I would always remain up until he came, thinking that I might thus have more hold upon him. My business was to save him. Nothing was too hard to be done if I might but reach that goal at last.

As I said, he began to return later now, and there grew to be a haggard look upon his face which it was dreadful to see, since I knew, only too well, what brought it there. But I tried to be patient; and whenever he came, was careful not to make the slightest allusion to the lateness of the hour. It would not do with him. We sat down to supper, for I persisted in having it invariably at his return; and though I have seen his eyes fill many and many a time when he looked at me steadily as he had a way of doing, he did not tell me his thoughts, and I pretended not to notice while I attended to his wants.

It is an awful thing for a woman to see the husband of her love going down steadily, but surely, before her frightened eyes, and she powerless to save. I had wondered once how miserable, ill-treated wives, whose husbands were scarcely fit to live, could still cling to them; but though Allan was tender and kind when with me, I could understand now, by my own heart, how it was that they bore everything rather than separation.

A year went by, and no visible change came; but the constant anxiety told upon my face. I wanted to keep the signs back, but I could not. Friends noticed it, and among them the aunt who had taken my dead mother's place. She had never liked my husband; and the anniversary of our marriage she came, in solemn state, "to inquire into matters," as she termed it.

"You are looking poorly, my child," she said, opening the subject at once. "Your marriage is, perhaps, unhappy?"

"There could not be a kinder husband than Allan," my face flushing in a moment. "He has never spoken a harsh word to me."

"But something has worn you to a shadow," she went on, ignoring my indignation; "and we all know that Mr. Starr is not what he ought to be."

That was more than any wife should bear tamely. I rose at once.

"Such words must neither be addressed to his wife, nor spoken under his roof," I said, angrily.

"My home is open to you, nevertheless," she urged, with her keen eyes, which I hated, because I feared them, upon my face.

"My home is here, where my heart is," I retorted, "I desire no other;"—and with that our interview closed.

Allan heard in some way that my aunt had called; and he would not be satisfied until I had told him her exact words.

"She is right," he said bitterly. "You would be far better off under her roof than under mine."

I knew he did it only to try me, for he had not the ghost of a fear that I should choose my home away from him.

"I did not see fit to tell her so," I replied.

"But you believe it? You believe it, then?"

His breath seemed to stop with the intensity of his desire to read what was really in my heart, and he would have wormed the truth from me whatever it had been.

"No, I did not believe it, Allan," I responded, quietly, meeting and answering the questioning doubt which for the moment had leaped into his eyes. "Wherever you are taking me to, your own soul tells you I am powerless, and must from choice follow."

"You are a good, true angel," he said, with a strange tenderness upon his lips; but though I was certain he loved me with a strong man's strength, he did not, alas! love me well enough to leave the gambler's den which was fast drawing him on to ruin.

Another year went by, another year of anxious dread and sorrow, and still another year was added to it, and all that love could suggest or ingenuity invent, had failed in accomplishing my purpose. I was forced to acknowledge this, and the admission made me tremble. Was I indeed, then, to go down with this man, to whom I was bound by all the ties which can bind a human heart to that of another, down to an endless perdition? Or could I break the cord, and let him drift on alone? Drift on, out into the lonesome, boundless sea which swallows up its victims so pitilessly and leaves no sign?

"No, no," I cried, with my hands clasped over my horror-stricken eyes, to shut out the picture which my imagination so wildly portrayed.

The fourth year after our marriage—four years seems like eternity to travel such a road as I had been travelling—Allan came home at dusk; and while I wondered what had come over him to bring up the new and astonishing exultation which I saw upon his face, he led me into the library and stepped before a painting of myself, which had been one of my wedding presents from him.

"Four years ago that was an exact likeness of my wife," he said. "She has changed since then."

"But little, I trust," I answered.

"She became my wife freely," he went on; "knowing well that I was what the world calls, truly enough, a wicked man."

"Always good to me," I said, through my tears, laying my hand trustingly in his.

"Always cruel to you, my love, since he thought more of his own chosen sins, than of your peace and pleasure. But the wife who loved me, thank heaven, and who has stood bravely by me, has conquered at last. For a year I have been a free man, free and honest; and this is my new year's present to you, best and truest of women."

I was sobbing in his arms, so thankful and happy. I thought heaven itself must have fallen to my feet. Our little child, who is fast getting towards his teens, would never believe his father had ever been other than the best of men, as, indeed, I hardly would myself.

I am thankful, every day of my life, that I listened to my heart's promptings, instead of the counsel of those who meant, I know, to help me, but who would have ruined us both, had their wishes been fulfilled.

A MEMORABLE RIDE.

BY A CANADIAN FARMER'S WIFE.

"Hadn't you better leave the door unfastened, Ellen?" said my husband, as I turned the key in the lock, then dropped it into my pocket.

"I don't know," I said, doubtfully; then, after a moment's hesitation, "No, I think it had better be fastened. The children might get out and run down to the gate at the foot of the meadow to play, and it is but a step from there to the creek, you know."

He made no reply, but stooped down and looked at some part of the harness with a slightly perplexed air.

"What is the matter now?" I said, with some asperity.

The truth is, my husband belonged to that numerous class of individuals whose motto is, never to do to-day what they can put off until to-morrow; while I, on the contrary, was prompt and decided. With me to will and to do were synonymous, and I had little mercy for such a failing.

"I fancy this little piece of twine will bring us through this time, but I will certainly mend it to-morrow," he replied, as I climbed into the clumsy, old-fashioned phaeton.

The harness being adjusted to his satisfaction, if not to mine, he seated himself beside me; and nodding a last good-bye to the little faces pressed against the window-pane, we drove off.

Our cottage was situated in the little valley lying to the south-west of what was at that time the village of Lanoy, in Canada. A hill of considerable height stood between us and the village, on our side a verdure-crowned gently rising slope, on the other a more abrupt descent, with a rather circuitous road winding past little cottages and farm-houses of more or less pretension.

Our present errand was to the shop, to which we carried our produce as it accumulated from time to time, and received in exchange groceries, clothes, &c. Our load consisted in part of a basket of eggs; consequently we were obliged to drive rather more slowly than usual. I left, as I had often done before, the younger children to the care of Grace, who, though but eight years old, had a mind far in advance of her years, and who was never more pleased than when entrusted with some similar duty or responsibility. I charged her not to take the baby from the cradle, but to rock him gently to sleep if he wakened, or, if he would not sleep, to amuse him with his playthings until our return.

It was a lovely day in the latter part of September, copious showers of rain had alternated with mid-summer's suns, and the freshness of the verdure was still undimmed. It was scarcely yet time for the "sere and yellow leaf," though the maples had hung out their golden banners, as if to try the effect of contrast with the living green of the other forest trees. The birds still sang cheerily as they fluttered to and fro in the hedgerows; and numerous little ground squirrels skimmed along the fence-rails, dropped sullenly and disappeared mysteriously.

Old Whitey ambled along after his usual monotonous fashion; and we soon reached our destination. I had a number of articles to purchase and examine, as well as the merits of a new churn to discuss; and, just as we had settled all to our satisfaction, a neighbor whom we had not seen for some time came in, which detained us still longer, so that when we turned our horse's head homeward, I saw with some surprise, as well as a slight feeling of alarm, that the sun had already set, and the soft gray of twilight was stealing up the valley. Our load was a pretty heavy one, my husband having purchased several agricultural implements, of no great weight individually, but collectively making no small weight for one horse: so that though we were necessarily anxious to get home, we were obliged still to drive moderately, particularly as the road was not only hilly, but rough.

Chatting upon the various little items of gossip which we had heard, we drove on until we had nearly reached the top of the hill, when, turning to make some remark to my husband, I saw a change come over his face, which struck me with a sudden terror. He was pale as a corpse.

"Look!" he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, pointing in the direction of our home.

My heart gave a sudden bound, then fell, like a lump of lead, in my bosom. A cloud of thick, dense smoke, distinctly defined against the clear sky beyond, rose above the tree-tops. I tried to speak, but I could not utter a word. At last I said, steadying my voice, "I think it must be Morrison's. Isn't it to the left of our house?"

"No!" he said, quickly, as he seized his whip, and urged old Whitey to his utmost speed. "Don't you remember that when we are at the top of the hill the smoke from our chimney rises just over the centre of that little group of cedars?"

Alas! I did remember; and as he spoke, we reached the summit and saw enough to change our fears to certainty. Neither spoke; but each turned and looked at the other with quivering lips and dilating eyes.

"My heavens! and I had locked them in!" I was fairly beside myself, frantic with terror. I felt as if I must leap from the vehicle, and fly to their rescue.

Old Whitey seemed to understand that life or death depended upon his efforts, and he exerted himself nobly. On we flew, down the hill, dashing through the stony little brook that crossed the road, over the tumble-down bridge, whose rotten boards rattled and started up from their places, past the hedge-rows, that looked like one continuous mass of flying green; past the little cottages, with the startled children staring from the doors, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but to rescue our darlings. I buried my face in my hands, and rocked to and fro in my seat almost bereft of reason, as I thought of the scene which might be awaiting us. Imagination conjured up all the dreadful tales I had heard or read, to add to my horror. Once only I raised my head, and saw, or fancied I saw, slender tongues of flame cleaving the mass of smoke, which had by this time increased fearfully in volume and density.

At last, after what seemed an age, but was in reality only a few minutes, we reached the bottom of the lane which led to our cottage. The angle was a sharp one, and we turned with such speed as to send the hind wheels of the old phaeton spinning high in the air. How I got out I never knew. I am sure I did not wait for the horse to be stopped. Rushing to the door, I threw myself against it with such force as to break it in. The room was full of smoke; but as the opening door dissipated it a little, I saw that it was empty! Then, suffocated by the smoke, and overpowered by excitement, I fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness returned, I found myself in the house of a neighbor, with the children all about me, pretty well frightened, of course, but entirely unhurt. How the fire originated was a mystery which we never could unravel. Grace, sitting with her back to the stove, and with her attention entirely absorbed by the pictures in the family Bible, did not see it until Rover, the Newfoundland dog, who had been before quietly dozing by her side, attracted her notice by his evident uneasiness; after which he sprang through the window, fortunately taking the whole sash bodily with him, and, running at full speed to the nearest house, soon returned with some of its inmates. Grace, in the meantime, after letting down the two elder children through the window, which was only about four feet from the ground, took the baby from the cradle, and was about to follow when the neighbors arrived. The house being old, and built, as such houses usually are, of the most combustible materials, notwithstanding all efforts, soon became a blackened, smoking ruin.

Rover and Old Whitey lived to a good old age, and were ever afterwards held in affectionate remembrance for their services on that occasion.

One evening, about a year afterwards, as we sat in our new house, built on the site of the old one, but more commodious and comfortable in every respect, I remarked "that the fire had benefited us in at least one way, for unless the old house had been actually consumed, we should never have had the new one."

"I have felt the benefit of it in another way," said my husband, gravely; "it has taught me never to put off doing anything which should be done at once until a 'more convenient season.' If the harness had given way on that day, where I mended it so slightly before we started, although it would not have interfered with the safety of the children, it would have added tenfold to our anxiety, because it would have delayed our reaching them. I made a vow then that if we were permitted to reach home without accident, I would use my utmost endeavors to overcome the habit of procrastination; and I think you will allow that I have been pretty successful, so that, in more than one respect, we have reason to regard that as a 'memorable ride.'"

THE BECKONING HAND.

A few years ago I spent the dreary month of November on the Atlantic. We had unusually boisterous weather, even for the time of year; but this did not deter voyagers, for our vessel, a very large and most provokingly slow one, was crowded with men, women, and children, from many lands.

There was the cheerful English workman, patient and hopeful of the "good time coming;" the canny Scotchman, boastful of "Auld Reekie;" Irish in plenty; a small sprinkling of French, among them an individual who darkly hinted at wonderful adventures, great wealth, and a title, for some mysterious reason, resigned, but who was, however, strongly suspected of having a little fiddle among his luggage, and of being a disciple of Terpsichore, on a mission of grace and deportment to the fashionables of New York and Washington.

The Germans represented the majority; and among them I found a lady whose appearance and evident superiority attracted my notice. She went by the name of Madame Vangalen, was a fair woman, young, with a dim, dreamy countenance, who had with her a little girl of about four years of age, whom it was easy to recognise as her daughter; not, however, so much from any personal resemblance, as from the love that beamed from her every look and action. She seemed to devote herself entirely to her child; and yet hers did not seem like the love which joys in the possession of the loved one, so much as that jealous, anxious, watchful affection, which is continually fearing or dreading the loss of its object.

Through noticing the child, I gained an introduction to Madame—an event I had rather wished, as I was an "unprotected female," and longed for companionship. She, to my great satisfaction, spoke English remarkably well, was refined, and evidently well educated, but there was a gravity about her that almost amounted to melancholy.

Hers had not been a happy marriage; as, soon after her nuptials, and before the birth of the child, her husband left Germany for America, to fight in the civil war. That formidable convulsion being ended, he wrote for her and the child, whom he had never seen, to join him. Madame had a misgiving. She felt that her re-union would neither be good or lasting. There were dark forebodings of approaching misfortune which destroyed all thoughts of pleasure in the anticipated meeting.

Evidently she was morbid, the effect of the anxiety she must have felt during the long separation. I seem to have caught a tone of dreamy thought from her; for one restless night I had a singular vision, respecting Madame and her family.

I imagined she had, years before—ere yet she left the home of her father—found herself on the sea. From whence she came, or how she got there, was not known; but it was understood quite well she was never to leave the vessel, and that she was in great distress. But the part of the fancy that seemed to trouble me most was that in which I saw a small hand, rising just above the waves, which seemed to beckon the vessel onward.

I told this to Madame seriously, although it seemed to me absurd to attach so much importance to a mere fantasy. Still, I mentally made some excuse for myself, as I had always been of a fanciful, imaginative turn when in any way excited.

What was most singular Madame had a similar forecast of the future as to myself.

After this confidence we became daily more intimate.

The end of our voyage at length drew near. It had been a protracted one, and we were all tired of seeing nothing but "the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky."

It was twilight; the time, nearly always a sad one, was especially so on that evening. The heavy, leaden-colored waves of the Atlantic broke with monotonous plash against the creaking, straining sides of the vessel; the engine heaved and moaned "like a giant-heart in pain." A fog was fast gathering around us, and at intervals the signal gun gave warning voice. The few passengers who remained on deck were wistfully gazing westward, as if to catch through the gloom a view of the "Land of Promise." The petrel, that harbinger of storm, whirled round the masts, and then, with a boding scream, was lost to sight in the surrounding mist.

Madame Vangalen, with her child and myself, still lingered on deck, not willing to return to the saloon while a streak of daylight yet remained.

The child had been playing near us. Suddenly, in the midst of something I was saying, Madame grasped my arm, and uttered the words, "My child!" There was nothing of noisy grief, or even of inquiry, in her tone, but there was what I can only describe as an agonized conviction, a terrible confirmation of a secret dread.

Looking straight before her, with swift but steady steps she advanced to the forepart of the vessel. I, myself, felt no alarm, as there are so many places on the deck of a large ship where a child could hide, and yet be safe. I was more surprised at the conduct of the mother, and in a few moments was by her side. Her stony gaze was turned towards the waves. She seemed as incapable of speech or action as a statue.

Instinctively my looks followed hers. Never shall I forget the sight that almost petrified me. Rising just above the waves, which were by that time black as a pall, was seen a tiny hand, like a lily thrown into that cruel sea. Nothing but the hand, white as marble against the ebon blackness; not a bit of drapery, not even a tress of the golden hair was visible; and—but it might have been, doubtless was, the motion of the billows—the little hand beckoned, and then was gone from our sight for ever.

Attempt at rescue would have been useless; the child must have perished before the accident was well known. How it came about was never known. Probably it had chased one of the petrels which fly low, but seldom alight, and so, unnoticed, fell overboard.

And the mother? No noisy grief spoke her woe. She went to her room quietly, as one who has accepted her fate.

On the third day after this we reached land. What welcomes were given as brother greeted brother, friend met friend; wives were lovingly claimed by husbands, many of whom had fought and bled for the country of their adoption.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by the eager, anxious glances of a soldierly-looking man, who was searching here and there among the disembarking passengers. I saw him speak to an officer, when—oh! with what a woe-stricken face!—he sank on a seat near. I could do no more than send up a prayer for the broken heart; for I knew that, in place of a loving wife and beautiful child, a cold, shrouded form awaited him; that she who had been his comfort and hope had passed into the world of spirits, in obedience to their child's Beckoning Hand.

ANCIENT TOILETS.

The Jews appear to have been early characterized by a predilection for showy dress, for cosmetics, jewelery, and perfumes, and for the care which they bestowed on various operations of the toilet, particularly those connected with the hair. According to Moses, the art of working in silver, gold and precious stones very early reached a state of considerable facility and excellence, as these substances were then commonly manufactured into ornaments to decorate the person. Abraham, we are told, "was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold;" so much so, indeed, that he paid "four hundred shekels of silver, current money," for a "burying-place" for his family. The description given us of his chief man-servant presenting "a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for the hand, of ten shekels weight of gold," to the beautiful Rebekah, as she tripped with her pitcher to the fountain, may serve to illustrate the usages, taste, and progress of this period; as may also the text which relates that the same "servant" subsequently "brought forth jewels of silver, jewels of gold and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah;" and "gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things."

When the Israelites begged Aaron to make them "gods" which should "go before them," he replied, "Break off the golden ear-rings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me."

The magnificence and luxury of the reign of Solomon were so remarkable that they have since formed the burden of a proverb. Perfumes and spices, always highly prized and expensive articles among the Jews, came into almost general use during his reign. "Ointment (pomade) and perfume rejoice the heart," he sung; while, in another passage, he informs us that "myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon" were used as scents by the courtesans of his day. These substances are also mentioned by the Psalmist: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia." The singular fate of Absalom, another son of David, was occasioned, according to popular belief, by the fineness and extreme luxuriance of his hair.

The transit of another century in the history of the Israelites places before us a distinct notice of the use of skin cosmetics. We are told that the "proud Jezebel," when preparing to meet King Jehu, "painted her face" (in the original, "put her eyes in painting,") and "tired her head."

Many other notions, of an equally direct character, are to be found in the books of the Old Testament.

In later periods of the history of the Jews, as may be gleaned from both sacred and profane writers, the predilection for dress and jewelry, and the arts of the toilet, continued unabated, and, surviving the vicissitudes of time and change, continues still to characterize this remarkable and scattered race.

THE longest word in the English language is smiles, because there is a *mile* between the first and last letters.

Notices of New Books and other Publications.

LOVE AND LIBERTY! a thrilling novel of the French Revolution of 1792 and 1793, by ALEXANDER DUMAS. In this work Dumas has depicted, in his well-known thrilling and dramatic style, the story of the great Revolution, the trial and execution of Louis and Marie Antoinette, the Reign of Terror, and the downfall of Robespierre. Published in a large duodecimo volume, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MARGARET HAMILTON. By MRS. C. J. NEWBY. This, like all the other works by this authoress, is a highly entertaining and interesting story—bright in spirit, pure in tone, dramatic in plot, and spirited in narrative. "Margaret Hamilton" is the sixth volume of a new, cheap, and popular edition of Mrs. C. J. Newby's novels, which is now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia

BRIEF ESSAYS AND BREVITIES. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. A capital book to set one thinking. The first half of the volume contains the brief Essays, which discuss a wide range of subjects—moral, social, literary, spiritual, and other. They are full of enthusiasm, large-hearted and large-minded, generous and sincere. The "Brevities" partake of the same qualities. This book is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and is for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

A SURGEON, after a sanguinary battle, was going his rounds, examining his patients. He came at length to a sergeant who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, directly over the region of the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed, "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then," replied the poor fellow, with a faint smile.

Important to the Sensitive.

Persons with active brains and of a delicate organization should never be subjected to violent purgation or any other treatment calculated to prostrate them. Leeching, cupping, starving and intestinal rasping are of doubtful expediency in any case, but they are almost certain death to the sensitive and fragile. What such persons want is stimulation, and the very best invigorant they can take is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To give depleting medicines to the nervous, the debilitated, the infirm, the emaciated, the despondent, is like firing broadsides into a sinking ship. Thousands of dyspeptics are killed every year by medicines that sap the physical and constitutional stamina which, if reinforced by the powerful vegetable tonic, would soon prove an overmatch for the disease. It is true that the bowels require to be relieved and regulated, and the liver controlled, as well as the stomach to be toned and the system strengthened; and let it be borne in mind that the Bitters accomplish these objects gently and surely.

THE INVALID.—A PEN PICTURE.

See her pallid countenance, but a short time ago the picture of ruddy health, the envy of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcomed by her schoolmates, for her lithe form and pleasing disposition carried cheerfulness into their ranks. Diligent, punctual and exemplary, obedient and graceful at home, she won the hearts of all. But, alas, we are sorrowed. Those rosy cheeks and ruddy lips are blanched by Consumption. The voice once so enchanting in laugh and song is feeble, husky and supplanted by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch gently and take her hand. Do not shudder because of the feeble and passionless grasp. The hand once so hearty and plump is emaciated and shows bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon the surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, carrying vigor to the whole system, and imparting life, beauty, vivacity, health and strength, is delicate to the touch. The feeble heart cannot propel the thin, scanty blood with force. Must we lose her while yet in her teens? Companions and friends gather around with words of cheer and consolation, and depart with moistened eyes and silent steps. Must we lose her? No! there is relief! We can stay this destroyer of our happiness and not suffer the loss of so bright a gem. Something more is required now than dietary and hygienic observance, for nature calls for aid, and she shall have it. Take this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. How it allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion and sends a healthy tingle through the frame. The blood is enriched, nervous force increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. See her face brighten by degrees; the color is returning, her voice is getting clearer, and pleasant words are spoken. The strength falters yet, but is gaining. Let us take her out in the warm sunshine. In a short time she will be able to go without our aid, a cheerful girl. This delightful medicine must be God-blessed. It is restoring health to our loved one. She is emerging from her sickness sweeter and nobler than before and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must have the credit. It has raised her.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA.

Founded August 4th, A. D. 1821.

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R. J. C. WALKER, Publisher & Proprietor,
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Saturday Evening, May 30, 1874.

TAKING STOCK.

Some people are wonderfully endowed with this gift of stock-taking. We have seen it amount almost to a genius. You walk along the street in company with one of the gifted, and a lady passes. Hours after, you are seated at home, and you hear a conversation going on, in which the minute details of the dress of that lady whom you had casually met in the street are retailed at full length. What the color and materials of the bonnet, whether it was a "last year's bonnet," or a "this year's bonnet," the trimmings, the lining, the style; and then the dress, its braid and binding, its precise color to a shade, and when it was bought, with the price! "Heavens!" you exclaim. "Where and how did you learn all this?" "Why, was it not easy to see at a glance?" And a glance was all, but it was enough to enable a genius of this order to "take stock" forthwith.

Men are accustomed to "take stock" of each other in like manner, though not to the same extent of the "trimmings." They are rather disposed to judge each other's character by their manners, conduct and conversation. Dress affords but a small index to character in men; though in the fop the test is almost unfailing. There is no hypocrisy about the fop: he does not conceal his vanity; the very essence of the fop is, that he shows himself off. As the vain peacock spreads abroad its tail-feathers, so does he strut about, every movement saying, "Behold what a fine fellow am I!" You can take stock of such a person at once. Take him without his plumage, and you will find him generally a very small bird. He dwindles down into the veriest pigmy of a man. The fop clothes his thoughts in coats and waistcoats of the newest cut, and is a man only to the extent to which the tailor has made him one.

Some take stock of each other by *the smile*. A man attempts to laugh heartily, when there is nothing to laugh at: you see at once that the laugh is an imposition, and that the pretended laugher is a hypocrite. There is nothing hearty or natural in the sound: it is a cut-and-dry sort of thing, always ready at command, but not genuine. You cannot help taking stock of such a person: the smile or the laugh at once puts you on your guard.

Napoleon had an odd fancy of judging men by *the nose*. He used to say, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head go together." There are, however, multitudes of exceptions to this rule.

Some take stock of those whom they meet by *their head*. Phrenologists, often great bores, are fond of this. They are forever reading bumps, and pronouncing character. They will measure your head with a pair of callipers, and set down in columns on a piece of paper the whole stock of animal propensities, moral sentiments, and intellectual faculties, that you are possessed of. They will soon cast them up for you, and strike an average, pretending to tell how you will act under such and such circumstances. There may be something in it. At all events, men are apt—even though not phrenologists—to read each other by the head. Coleridge, when he first saw Hazlitt as a boy, was struck by his beautiful forehead: he said to his father, "During the last half-hour I have been conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead."

The popular mode of taking stock is by *the face*. All are physiognomists, more or less, and judge one another by the features. Of one expression of face, we say, that it is "radiant with good nature;" of another, "he has ill-temper written in every feature of his face." "Very pretty, but silly," is not an uncommon award. But faces are very deceptive.

Some take stock of men by their *manners*. "He is quite the gentleman." Manners make the man, is a current maxim in many quarters. In others, dress makes the man. But this is a low estimate. *Conversation* is the test of others. It was said of Johnson, who was no dresser, that one could not converse with him for five minutes under a porch without discovering him to be a man of superior intelligence. Conversation *is* a test. Let a stupid man hold his tongue, and he may pass for wise; but let him open his mouth and speak, and, lo! you "take stock" of him forthwith.

TENDER CORRESPONDENCE.—Making love by letter is a dangerous business. When the calenture of passion is over—and like other fevers it *does* burn itself out—it is very unpleasant to the convalescent to have the evidences of his delirium cast as it were into his teeth. Recovered madmen do not like to be confronted with the ravings they uttered while in a state of hallucination. Still less do they relish having their rhapsodies submitted to the inspection of third parties. Society makes no allowances for the state of mind in which they were written. It holds the writer accountable for them just as strictly as if he had not given vent to them when in a state of "moral insanity." So also does that palladium of liberty, a jury. Jurors laugh at the wild words upon which actions of breach of promise are sometimes founded, but none the less *do* they mulct the repentant lunatics in exemplary damages. Poor fellow, he suffers both in pride and pocket. It therefore behooves impulsive men, with a constitutional tendency to make proposals, or what may be construed into proposals, to the other sex, to school their ardent temperaments severely, and to practice total abstinence from pen, ink and paper as a sentimental medium.

DECORATION DAY,

MAY 30, 1874.

BY S. P.

"Will you give us some flowers to deck the soldiers' graves?"

The best our garden offers!
Pluck freely every one;
There's not a rare, sweet blossom
That opens to the sun—
My dear delight and treasure
In every garden bed—
But shall be proud to honor
Our country's sacred dead.

These garlands are all ready—
Pure wreaths of snowy bloom—
Mock-orange and spiræa—
To deck the patriot's tomb;
Unspotted as his fame are they,
And as his memory sweet;
These bright-eyed pansies, shower them thick
Above his tired feet.

After the battle, he sleeps well;
After the prison's gloom,
Hunger and thirst and fever-wounds,
That lingering, loathsome doom,
Gather magnolias, purple-lipped,
As wine of sacrifice,
Brimming with nectar, like the cup
He drinks in Paradise.

Gather laburnum's golden chain,
Glycina's plumes of blue;
The captive's chains are glory-gilt,
His tears are Hermon's dew.
The soldier's war-plumes waving proud,
And sinking in the fray,
Are shrined in memory sweet as flowers
In all our hearts to-day.

A CHILDLESS HOME.

BY S. A. J.

"Of all cheerless, unnatural places in the world, a childless home is quite the most uncomfortable. There is something oppressive in its vacancy. Its stillness is stifling."

I read these words over twice, not even then sure that I fully comprehended them. *Our* home was "childless." No little feet made music through the hall, no baby face had ever rested on my breast. But I had never dreamed it was "cheerless and unnatural!" Could it be true? I looked around the light, comfortable apartment, that was sitting-room and parlor combined, (for we were only "well-to-do" people, not *rich* by any means), and wondered how it *could* seem "cheerless and unnatural" with its stand of brightly blooming plants and generous collection of choice books, magazines and papers.

Opposite me stood the piano we had been so exultant in procuring, my sewing-machine by the south window, sundry easy chairs here and there, and a sofa that Will says was invented by Morpheus. In his cage swung birdie Dick, singing as if his little throat would burst with its out-pouring melody. Ah, Dick! I wonder if he did not guess I wanted his song to brighten the picture just then. Was my home cheerless?

Perhaps *this* was the reason Will seemed quiet and half-sad sometimes, when I thought his mind was filled with vexatious business matters. Perhaps my little efforts to please did not after all fill his heart with the deep content I wanted him to feel in his home.

Was I conscious of any unsatisfied yearnings? Me! Poor little me, who had Will all to myself? Was *I* to be pitied? *Never!* In the five years I had been his wife, I had never murmured because no baby had invaded *our* home. If it had been otherwise I suppose I should have loved it as all other mothers do, but you see God had given me *so much* that I was abundantly content. And now to read in plain print that "a childless home is a cheerless, unnatural place," gave me a half heartache, and my face was more sober than usual, as I welcomed my husband that evening.

An unwonted depth of tenderness in my words, and actions, made him guess something had touched me deeply; so after tea, when the shades were drawn, and we were cosily seated in the easy-chair Will calls "*the snuggery*," and which is big enough to hold us both, by a little pleasant crowding, came the question, "Well wifey, what grave matter is to be settled now?" And so I told him all my thoughts, all the half-defined trouble that had overclouded my sunny day.

His earnest words exorcised the discontent and uneasiness at once.

"All men," he said, "welcomed the little ones God sent, with pride and love. But some were so blessed with every other good gift, they would be selfish indeed, to let one ungranted blessing mar their happiness. I am so fully blessed that I crave no more. If in God's good time such blessings were to be ours, it would be well; but if withheld, we had too much to be grateful for, to murmur." This he said earnestly and tenderly, and I, knowing he spoke the truth, assented.

And so the old pride and content in my home nestled in my heart again, and it looked bright, and sunny, as any home could look, to my partial eyes. We were all in all to each other. But this sweet repose was to be disturbed. Heavy losses threatened, and could only be avoided by Will's going at once to San Francisco; to lose was ruin, and with great reluctance he prepared to go. It was before the day of the Pacific Rail-road, and I could only stay at home and bide his return.

Of how wearily the weeks went by! Then it was I first felt how comforting one's children might be. In the long hours of the night, when I could not sleep for thinking of my dear husband, and praying for his safe return, my heart grew to yearn strangely for a little hand to hold in mine, for a little helpless form that would need all my care.

And when, as the weeks dragged slowly by, the faint suspicion, soon ended in the joyful certainty, that such a comfort was to be mine, came to me, I knew for the *first* time, in a slight measure, what a mother's love might be.

Will was delayed; month after month he wrote, "*Next* month, my darling," and still he could not get away. Thus it came about, that my hour of trial came, and he was yet absent! He guessed nothing of it; I could not bear to miss the look of his dear face when first he knew, and had not written him of our hope. And when my little daughter lay beside me, I dreamed away the tedious hours in picturing his joyful surprise, and watching my new treasure. Every hour revealed some new beauty to my watchful eyes.

I was well again, and Baby doing splendidly, when quite unexpectedly came the telegram, "Just landed—will be home on the noon train."

I had scarce time to bundle all traces of Baby into my chamber, with many charges to Bridget to keep her from crying, and restore to the parlor somewhat of its old look, when the joyful moment had come, and I was once more folded to my husband's heart.

I cannot tell of that meeting. Eight months had been such a long time to be apart, and we loved one another so dearly!

So a half hour flew quickly by, and a restless movement overhead warned me that Bridget was growing uneasy about her dinner.

"Well," I said, "come up stairs, you need a good bath, to make you look quite like yourself." Inside the door at last, and I quickly closed it, waiting with hushed breath as his eyes noted the changed look of the room, until at length they rested upon the uneasy bundle upon the bed. Will I *ever* forget his face at that moment? First surprise, then incredulity until a glance at me convinced him it was no joke, but a blessed truth. And then—well, it repaid me tenfold for all my pain, to see the love, and tenderness, and pride with which he gathered me in his arms and kissed me over and over again. Some tears too, dropped heavily on my face, but I did not think they shamed his manhood in the least, as he said "my little wife! my poor little wife, and I was so far away!"

Well—we both cried, and I thought Will would never tire looking at "*Our Baby!*" We had waited *so long* for her, you know.

Our little Pet was two years old, I think, when Will one day recalled to mind the words that had so vexed and troubled me, laughingly asking, "What I thought about it now." So I answered him in this wise—"Homes are not cheerless and unnatural" without children, if deep, true love abide there. They are not always "gloomy," if little feet make no music within them. It may be, as with us, the loss is hardly recognized.

But no one knows what a home with children is, until they have felt that precious joy. Yes, a home is only *perfect* home, when baby feet toddle within it, and baby music echoes there, sweeter far to parents' ears, than the best performance ever given by skilled master. And smiling brightly as he looks down at Pet, vainly endeavoring to reach his watch, he answers, "Well spoken, little woman."

DECORATION DAY.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

World-old and beautiful are the Decoration Days. Since the first Summer cast her flowers on Abel's grave, down to this day when it has become so wide-spread a custom to deck the graves of fallen heroes with the fairest flowers we can find, Decoration Days have been in fashion.

When the gay, glad Summer comes, and opens wide her golden gates, showing us the green, quiet lanes with their shady trees full of the blithe songs of thrush and blue-bird; and the violets, blue bells, daisies and wild rose, blossoming on all her banks and glinting with gold her fields; when the brooks begin to run merrily in the sun, and all the flying breezes bring scents of blossoms from wildwood and garden; almost we forget that we are treading on a world of graves.

A thousand unknown graves are scattered over our own fair land. North and south, east and west, they lie, those graves of our dead soldiers; and while lips and voices are thrilling to old memories, and loving fingers are dropping wreaths and garlands over the long line of graves that reaches round our beautiful land, only God knows of these brother heroes, who fought the same battles, suffered under the same sun, and lay down to sleep under the same sunny skies.

Yes, *He knows!* And at His bidding earth and air, wind and water awake, and join hands to decorate these unknown graves. Up-springing immortelle and forget-me-not, running vine and creeping moss, mark the spots sacred in His sight, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground!

Beautiful indeed is the fashion set us by mother earth. Only loving thoughts and tender feelings linger in our hearts as Decoration Day again comes round. We are members of one household, mourning for our brothers who have fallen by the way. All bitter feelings, all envy and jealousy, all strife and vain-glorying is passed away, and we are one family again on this Summer holiday.

Shall not this common custom bind again lives that were divided? Shall not the old ties be renewed; and, as the years run round, shall not these fading garlands grow bright under the rain of happy tears? God grant it may be so, and that His peace may flow like a river through the land and through our hearts.

LUCY HARGROVE.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

When Lucy Hargrove first came to Oakland there was a great stir in the rural population. The advent of a real city belle—one of the very ton—was too unusual an event to fail of producing a sensation, and so every gossiping tongue was set wagging, and the family history of all the Hargroves from Adam down was duly discussed. There was a gap in this history, however. Two-and-twenty years ago, Gerald Hargrove, Esq., the last of his family, had gone from Oakland to live in the great city, and his life was hidden from his old associates, save occasional glimpses of his wealth and greatness which seemed almost fabulous to those who had once known him as the pale-faced student striving to ascend the rugged heights of knowledge. Rumor said he had married a city lady, but of his domestic life nothing was known.

The Hargrove estate, consisting of an old dilapidated farm, had never passed from his hands. For a score of years old Abram Lawhorn had tilled its sterile acres, and yearly had met his landlord's lawyer to pay over a trivial sum, for the old farm barely paid the taxes and necessary repairs.

So now, when the daughter of Gerald Hargrove had suddenly come to Oakland, unheralded and unattended, it is not strange that many wild rumors should be set afloat concerning the strange occurrence. Nor was the wonder lessened when the next Sunday, at the village church, a vision of dazzling beauty arrayed in the most costly fabrics, sailed up the aisle and took a seat directly in front of the sacred desk; and when the service was ended the vision departed, walking briskly yet gracefully away in the direction of Hargrove Farm.

In vain did the good-natured gossips question Abram Lawhorn and his wife. They knew only what Miss Lucy had seen fit to communicate, viz: that her mother was dead, that she was an only child—that her father had broken up his household, and that she was to remain at the Farm all Summer. Upon this meagre intelligence many a story was builded, and many a dissimilar cause assigned as the reason for this step, but, as is generally the case, they were all quite far from the truth.

Summer ripened into Autumn and the affair was still a sealed book to those who sought to pry into its closed lids. It was known that the weekly mail brought bulky packages to the secluded belle—those who had formed a speaking acquaintance found her civil and respectful, but surrounded with so much well-bred dignity and courteous reserve as to utterly forbid all approaches to familiarities. To all invitations to pic-nics and merry-makings a decided but courteous refusal was returned, till at last all attempts to draw her into the circle of Oakland society was abandoned in sheer despair.

It was one day in early Autumn that Felix Graham, "awkward Felix," he was called, was returning through the Hargrove Farm from an unsuccessful quest of small game. He walked carelessly along near the edge of a ravine, when a clumsy step threw him headlong over the crumbling brink. As he fell on the rocky bottom his piece was discharged, and the whole contents thereof entered his side, and the poor fellow, with a groan, fell back insensible. When he awoke from that death-like swoon soft hands were adjusting a bandage about the wound in his side, and a radiantly lovely, but tear-wet face was bent over him, as an angel of mercy might bend over the morally fallen man. He knew that face, for once when he had performed a little favor for her, he had received a smiling "Thank you, sir," from the sweet lips of Lucy Hargrove. He groaned with pain, and the girl looked into his face.

"Thank God!" she aspirated, then hurriedly added—

"Be quiet, pray, till I summon assistance."

Like a flash she was gone, and Felix Graham wondered if it were not all a dream. No,—that burning, deadening pain at his side was real; that pool of blood was real, and that water in his own hat was too welcome to be an illusion. Across his brow he felt something moist, and removing it he found a dainty handkerchief with the monogram "L. H." in one corner.

By the time the weakened and half-wandering mind had realized all this, he heard voices coming near. In another minute Abram Lawhorn, John, his son, and Peter Grimes, the hired man, led by Lucy Hargrove, came to the spot where he lay. Lucy bent over him again, and tenderly inquired how he felt.

"Better, I reckon," faltered he, "but what is the matter with me?"

"You have met with an accident, sir—have shot yourself. We will take you to the house, where I think we will meet a doctor."

Tenderly they lifted him up, and slowly bore him away, though every irregular step of his bearers evoked a groan of pain. Lucy walked beside him, frequently moistening his lips with water, and twice she called a halt and administered a cordial. They reached the house at last, and the wounded man was placed on a bed. The surgeon soon came, and when he had examined the wound, congratulated Miss Hargrove on her nerve and skill. The injury, he said, was severe, but not necessarily fatal, and he could confidently state that with good care the patient would soon be well.

Thus it came about that Lucy Hargrove became better known to the inhabitants of Oakland; for during those weeks that Felix Graham lay wounded at the Farm, she was constantly at his bedside, and those of his friends who watched his nurse at her self-appointed post of duty, could not but own that she was womanly and tenderness combined, and embodied in the presence of a lovely person.

Yet of her own affairs she was persistently reticent, and the two or three attempts of the less scrupulous of the visitors to cross-examine her respecting her family, were so quietly, but so completely baffled that the inquisitors were glad to leave the tabooed subject alone.

By and by the wound of Felix Graham was well enough for his removal, and he was taken home. Then the old life seemed to come back to the strange, isolated girl at the Hargrove Farm. Rather, she seemed more secluded than ever, as if the partial break in her retirement demanded a more vigorous shutting out of the world, and the gossips once more found themselves busy detailing and amending the numerous surmises they mutually indulged in concerning her.

The statement that Felix Graham's wound was partially well, had reference only to his physical hurt. Cupid, the invisible, and therefore more dangerous foe to the peace of young humanity, had deeply planted a shaft in his heart, and the great, awkward, country booby would gladly have laid down his life for the sake of the city belle. Yet the gate of Hargrove Farm shut out no one more entirely than him. Perhaps he realized the state of his feelings, and recognizing the hopelessness of his love, wisely forebore feeding a passion that could possibly bring him nothing but ill.

One day before his removal from the Hargrove Farm, he had spoken with Lucy relative to the accident, and she had simply said—

"I was reading in the wood and saw you pass by. You were barely past, when I was startled by a gunshot, and heard a groan. Fearing an accident I ran down the ravine till I found you. I feared you were dead, but soon ascertained that you were not; I tried to staunch the flow of blood, and—you know the rest."

"Which is, that I shall never be able to repay the debt I owe you!" exclaimed he, ashamed and shocked at his temerity a moment afterward.

"I have done nothing," was the cool reply, "more than a duty we all owe to one another. Do not mention it again."

Poor Felix! Had he been more deeply versed in the ways of the world, he would not have put so literal a construction upon the words; but considering himself guilty of an imprudence, and fearing that the whole subject was distasteful to her—that even the care she bestowed on him was a disagreeable burden, he essayed a deprecatory sentence. She stopped him at once, and handing him a book, bade him keep it and endeavor to profit by its teachings. It was "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," but it was not till long afterward that he knew the dark stain on its cover was made by his own blood—that *that* was the book she was reading, as she sat near the Black Ravine, that, to him, luckless day.

So Felix Graham, loving with all the earnestness of his rude soul, feared that his love was offensive to its object, and set the seal of silence upon it, choosing to suffer alone rather than give pain to one so pure and so far above him.

It was a cold, cheerless morning in mid-winter that Felix Graham sat reading in front of a cheerful fire in his father's home, endeavoring to exorcise a spirit of restlessness that was stealing upon him of late. For awhile he had been content to love the girl at Hargrove Farm as one might love a deity; but in all earthly love there is a desire for the possession of the object loved, and this desire was growing strong in the soul of Felix Graham. He had met Lucy once or twice since his recovery, and she had met him cordially; but he was too modest to hope that her kindness sprang from any other motive than a friendly interest in one to whom she had done a favor,—least of all that it grew out of a personal interest in himself. He was, therefore, greatly surprised, when the door opened and John Lawhorn walked in with a note from Lucy. It ran thus:—

"*Mr. Felix Graham:*

"Please come to me *at once* and confer a favor on [illegible] LUCY HARGROVE."

He arose, donned his overcoat and set off with John for the Hargrove Farm.

"Do you know what is the matter?" he asked of his companion as they walked along.

"No," said John. "I had just brought in the mail and was hardly warm when Miss Lucy came with a white face and asked me to take a note to you."

Graham found Lucy in tears, but habited for a walk and waiting for him in the sitting-room. She arose to meet him and brokenly said—

"I want you to go with me to the Black Ravine."

"To the Black Ravine?—why?" he asked in surprise, for neither of them had been there since the day he was borne from thence with that ugly wound in his side.

"Read that!" and the trembling fingers held out a crumpled note. He took it and read—

"*Dear Lucy:*

"This is the last line you will ever receive from your unhappy father. The accompanying papers will show you that everything is lost. To escape the degradation of poverty, and worse still, of exposure, I choose to end a life that for months has been nothing but a burden of care. If you find my body, and do not fear that the sleep of a suicide will haunt your future life, bury it on the Hargrove Farm. The Farm is yours—your sole possession—it was settled on your mother at our marriage. May God shield and comfort you, my darling, and may He have mercy on the soul of

"GERALD HARGROVE."

"*Jan'y 10, 18—.*"

With blanching cheek Felix Graham read the note, then standing above Lucy, said, in an unsteady voice—

"Miss Hargrove, let me go alone."

"No, no!" she wailed, "I must go, too, I could hardly wait for you to come, but I *could not* go alone. Together we will go and see him—my poor, poor father!"

Assuming a cheerfulness he did not feel, Graham essayed a word of hope.

"Do not try to cheat me with a hope you do not share," said she. "I think he was on the way when he wrote, and I have often heard him speak of the Black Ravine, even in my childhood. I know we will find him there."

In silence he took her hand and they started. A light snow was on the ground, and as they entered the dreary woods, Graham felt a shiver run through his companion's frame. With a reassuring clasp he led her on until they reached the head of the ravine.

"Will you not wait here?" he tenderly asked.

A dismal shake of the head was the only reply—the quivering lips made but a gasping sound. They went down the ravine till they reached the point where Graham had fallen.

"*It is there!*" whispered the girl, and with a rigid countenance and bloodless finger she pointed to a white heap at the bottom.

Together they descended and reverently removed the snow from the form, and met the cold stare of a ghastly face.

"My father! my poor, lost father!" wailed the girl, and she fell prone upon the corpse. Gently her companion raised her up, and finding that she was in a swoon he lifted her in his arms and conveyed her to the house.

Stating what he had seen, he sent at once to the coroner, then giving Mrs. Lawhorn strict charges respecting the girl, and dispatching another messenger for his mother, Felix Graham returned to the Black Ravine to keep watch over the body of the suicide till the proper investigations were made.

In a few hours the inquest was holden and the verdict rendered that "the deceased, Gerald Hargrove, came to his death by a pistol bullet penetrating his heart, the pistol being fired by his own hand," &c. Then they lifted up the body and conveyed it to the house, and thence next day it was taken to its final resting place in the Hargrove burial ground.

We often find souls, modest and unassuming in everyday life, who, when the hour of trial comes, unconsciously assume the leadership, and to whom all eyes are turned for help. So was it with Felix Graham in those two dark days at the Hargrove Farm. It was his voice that gave every command, his head that planned, and his purse that paid for everything. It was his hand and his mother's that supported the frame of the grief-broken orphan at the grave, and it was his voice that essayed to speak words of cheer to the stricken heart. It was his helpful presence that first brought a ray of comfort to the suffering one, and it was his clear head that unraveled the tangled complication's of the suicide's business, and saved a small sum for the portionless daughter.

Perhaps he wrought with a hope of reward, but it was a distant hope. His was an unselfish nature, and he realized that the best part of love is in bestowing favors upon the beloved object. Yet he did not go unrewarded, for twelve months after the tragedy in the Black Ravine there was a wedding at Hargrove Farm, and a new master thereof was installed.

Nor was this all, for one day, two years afterward, when in the Black Ravine, an idea struck its owner that the black walls might be other than common clay. He collected some lumps, tested it and found it to be superior coal. Subsequent experiments showed that the farm rested on a coal-bed, and measures were at once taken to turn it to account. A branch rail-road is now built, and shafts are sunk all over the farm.

Felix Graham for years has been Mayor of the thriving city of Oakland, and his wife, now a middle-aged matron, is deemed one of the most blessed of women.

CHINESE GIANTS.

The Chinese pretend to have men among them so prodigious as fifteen feet high. Melchior Nunnes, in his letters from India, speaks of porters who guarded the gates of Pekin, who were of that immense height; and in a letter dated in 1555, he avers that the emperor of that country entertained and fed five hundred of such men for archers of his guard. Hakewill, in his "Apologie," 1627, repeats this story. Purchas, in his "Pilgrimes," 1625, refers to a man in China who "was cloathed with a tyger's skin, the hayre outward, his arms, head, and legges bare, with a rude pole in his hand; well-shaped, seeming ten palmes or spans long; his hayre hanging on his shoulders." Early in 1866 the Chinese sent us Chung Woo Gow, one of their people, with King Foo, his wife, and Chung Mow, a Tartar rebel dwarf. The giant was then seven feet nine inches in height, and nineteen years of age. He was most gentlemanly and interesting in his manners, and an intelligent and able scholar. He visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, at their request, wrote his name on the wall of the room in which he was received, at the height of nearly ten feet from the ground. One of his sisters is said to have attained the stature of eight feet four inches.

WHEN we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE jewels of the Duchess of Edinburgh are said to be something amazing. In her collection she has a diamond breast-plate and a bracelet worth $120,000.

A LADIES' solitaire diamond ring gift matinee has been exciting New Orleans. The word solitaire refers, probably, to the number of rings to be distributed.

AN Iowa judge has decided that it is more of a sin to steal a horse than to elope with another man's wife, because there are 8,000,000 women in the United States and only 3,000,000 horses.

A MORMON bridegroom was simultaneously married to three blushing brides in Salt Lake City, recently. Some confusion was created after the ceremony by each bride persisting on her individual right to the first kiss.

IF any carriage upsets or injures another carriage in the streets of St. Petersburg, or if any passenger is knocked down, the horses of the offending vehicle are seized and confiscated to the use of the Fire Brigade.

ENGLAND is laughing at a blunder that occurred at Portsmouth, when the British troops were welcomed from the Gold Coast. A huge flag was suspended from a police station with the inscription, "Welcome Home."

STATISTICS show a remarkable decline in matrimony, of late years. Formerly there was one marriage a year to eighty-two of population. Now it is one marriage to one hundred and eighteen of the population. The girls must be getting fastidious.

SCOTT COUNTY, Minnesota, claims the most extensive Limburger cheese factory in the west. One hundred and twenty cows contribute to the formation of the article. The cheese is declared to be "ripe" when a piece the size of a bean will drive a dog out of a tanyard.

WE have all done a great amount of groaning anent the weather hereabouts; but only think of Jerusalem: at last accounts that blessed spot was blocked up with snow and in danger of famine, and Palestine generally has had a remarkably hard winter of it.

THE steerage passage from Liverpool by steamer is now only $15. This rule ought to work both ways, if it is to work at all; for there are a good many people who would like to invest $15 in a trip over to see their old country friends. And it shouldn't cost any more to go than to come, certainly.

OUT in Iowa they have what are called tie and apron festivals. As the gentleman goes in at the door he is given an envelope in which is a necktie, and he will find a lady in the room with an apron matching it. When this affinity is discovered, he is expected to be very agreeable, and not let any one cut him out.

DURING the last twenty-five years Belgium has almost entirely relinquished the infliction of capital punishment, and now it is officially stated that "The commission of grave crimes is everywhere diminishing in Belgium, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that for nearly eleven years no execution has taken place in the country."

A YOUNG unmarried clergyman in Brockport, in conversation, said that the young ladies nowadays can make rich cake, but they cannot make good bread. A few days after making the remark, the divine received fourteen loaves of bread, with the compliments of fourteen young ladies of his congregation.

THOUGH many are familiar with the word blackguard, few know its origin. It was given, according to Ben Jonson, to a regiment of low, mean dependents, who hung about the palaces of the great, doing the most menial services, and when they were en route, with pot and pan, coal and ashes, the people said, "There go the blackguards."

THE newspapers and periodicals published in this country in 1860 numbered 4051. In 1870 the number had increased to 5871. According to a recent statement, the number has increased since that time to 6875, more than one thousand having been added within three years. Of this number 647 are dailies, 5185 weeklies, and 1053 monthlies, etc.

THE briefness of the period in which a city may be buried in the sand of an African desert is illustrated in the case of Ismailia, which was built in 1860, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. It then had 10,000 inhabitants. It is now almost deserted, a miserable remnant of 1000 people only being left. Even the palace built by the Viceroy to entertain his royal guests is becoming dilapidated, and the court-yard is half full of drifting sand. Trains between Cairo and Ismailia are often sand-bound during a storm.

THE phrase to *run a muck* has its origin in the Japanese word *amock*, to kill. The Malays have a custom of running a muck, resulting from intoxication by opium. From its long-continued use they become ferociously mad, and armed with the creese or dirk rush from their houses, often naked, and leaping along the crowded streets, stab and bite every one they meet, creating as much terror as would the cry of "mad dog" in our thoroughfares. Sometimes twenty persons will be killed by one of these madmen before his career can be checked by his death.

ON some of the East India islands, where so many queer things grow, is found a flower that measures a full yard across. Yet it has only a cup-like centre, and five broad, thick, fleshy petals. Seen from a distance, through the dark green leaves of the vines among which it grows, the rich wine-tint of the flower, flecked with spots of a lighter shade, is said to impart a warmth and brilliancy of color to the whole surrounding scene. But the nearer the observer comes—all eagerness to see more closely so wonderful a flower—the less does he like it. Its odor is intolerable, polluting the atmosphere for many feet around.

THE following "remarkable story" is taken from the *Geographical Magazine* for April. It was told at a meeting of the geographical section of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, by "General Heine, late in the United States service," in a paper on the progress of civilization in Japan: A young Japanese, who was sent to America to study, receiving from his government an allowance of $1,000 per annum, embraced Christianity and became a Methodist. According to Japanese law he was punishable by death. Considering he was bound to notify the fact to his government, he wrote home and renounced all further claim to his allowance. The government of Yedo thereupon instituted inquiries in America into the manner in which the young man was following his studies; the result of these being in his favor, all the reply that he obtained from the Japanese government, in answer to his notification, was an increase of his annual allowance to $1,500.

AUNT HANNAH'S ADVICE.

BY A. F. S.

And so you have quarrelled with David!
And, hids it as well as you can,
I know at this moment you're thinking
That he is a horrible man.
He has no regard for your feelings;
He loosens his hold on your heart;
And each has confessed to the other,
That both were much better apart.

You think of the days of your courtship,
When David was thoughtful and kind,
In all your vexations so helpful,
To all of your follies so blind;
And now, o'er the gateway of Eden,
The sword of the angel is crossed,
And you miss all the sweetness and sunshine,
The joy of a Paradise lost.

You think you have done all your duty—
Have prayed and have labored in vain,
And feel, as a husband, that David
Has really no right to complain.
But let us sit down in the twilight,
And talk o'er the subject a while;
Before you take leave of the meadow,
'Tis well that you pause on the stile.

'Tis likely that David is fretful,
And careless at times, it is true;
His business absorbs him too closely,
But is he not working for you?
So when he comes home in the evening,
Quite silent, and thoughtful, and quiet,
Just let your heart keep up its singing,
And pretend you don't notice, my dear.

For just as a scratch on the finger
Will heal if you let it alone,
So many a trouble or grievance
That David or you may have known,
Would soon have been gone and forgotten,
And left not a scar on the heart,
Had either been kind and forgiving,
Had you never supposed you could part.

'Tis your duty to yield, and you know it;
You will, if you're true to your trust;
Your God and your honor demand it,
And David is gentle and just.
Don't keep any terms of contention;
Don't hold to this terrible strife;
But make him a much better husband
By being a much better wife.

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MISHAP TO THE BLUE SPECTACLES.

Mr. Carlyle and Barbara were seated at breakfast, when, somewhat to their surprise, Mr. Dill was shown in. Following close upon his heels came Justice Hare; and close upon his heels came Squire Pinner; while bringing up the rear, was Colonel Bethel. All the four had come up separately, not together, and all four were out of breath, as if it had been a race which should arrive soonest.

Quite impossible was it for Mr. Carlyle at first to understand the news they brought. All were talking at once, in the utmost excitement; and the fury of Justice Hare, alone, was sufficient to produce temporary deafness. Mr. Carlyle caught a word of the case presently.

"A second man? Opposition? Well, let him come on," he good humoredly cried. "We shall have the satisfaction of ascertaining who wins in the end."

"But you have not heard who it is, Mr. Archibald," cried old Dill. "It"—

"Stand a contest with *him*?" raved Justice Hare. "He"—

"The fellow wants hanging," interjected Colonel Bethel.

"Couldn't he be ducked?" suggested Squire Pinner.

Now all those sentences were ranted out together, and their respective utterers were fain to stop till the noise subsided a little. Barbara could only look from one to the other in astonishment.

"Who is this formidable opponent?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

There was a pause. Not one of them but had the delicacy to shrink from naming that man to Mr. Carlyle. The information came at last from old Dill, who dropped his voice while he spoke it.

"Mr. Archibald, the candidate who has come forward, is that man Levison."

"Of course, Carlyle, you'll go into it now, neck and crop," cried Justice Hare.

Mr. Carlyle was silent.

"You won't let that man frighten you from the contest!" uttered Colonel Bethel in a loud tone.

"There's a meeting at the Buck's Head at ten," said Mr. Carlyle, not replying to the immediate question. "I will be with you there."

"Did you not say, Mr. Dill, that was where the scoundrel Levison is—at the Buck's Head?" asked Squire Pinner. "I understood you so."

"He was there," answered Mr. Dill. "I expect he is ousted by this time. I asked the landlord what he thought of himself, for taking in such a character, and what he supposed the justice would say to him. He vowed with tears in his eyes that the fellow should not be there another hour, and that he never should have entered it, had he known who he was."

A little more conversation, and the visitors filed off. Mr. Carlyle sat down calmly to finish his breakfast. Barbara approached him.

"Archibald, you will not suffer this man's insolent doings to deter you from your plans? you will not withdraw?" she whispered.

"I think not, Barbara. He has thrust himself offensively upon me in this measure; I believe my better plan will be to take no more heed of him than I should of the dirt under my feet."

"Right—right," she answered, a proud flush deepening the rose on her cheeks.

Mr. Carlyle was walking into West Lynne. There were the placards, sure enough, side by side with his own. Bearing the name of that wicked coward, who had done him the greatest injury one man can do to another. Verily, he must possess a face of brass to venture there.

"Archibald, have you heard the disgraceful news?"

The speaker was Miss Carlyle, who had come down upon her brother like a ship with all sails set. Her cheeks wore a flush: her eyes glistened; her tall form was drawn up to its most haughty height.

"I have heard it, Cornelia; and, had I not, the walls would have enlightened me."

"Is he out of his mind?"

"Out of his reckoning, I fancy," replied Mr. Carlyle.

"You will carry on the contest now," she continued, her countenance flushing. "I was averse to it before, but I now withdraw all my objection. You will be no brother of mine, if you yield the field to him."

"I do not intend to yield it."

"Good. You bear on your own course—and let him crawl on upon his. Take no more heed of him than if he were a viper. Archibald, you must canvass now."

"No," said Mr. Carlyle. "I shall be elected without canvass. You'll see, Cornelia."

"There will be plenty canvassing for you. If you don't condescend to take the trouble, my indifferent brother. I'll give a thousand pounds myself, for ale, to the electors."

"Take care," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "Keep your thousand pounds in your pocket, Cornelia. I have no mind to be unseated, on the plea of 'bribery and corruption.' Here's Sir John Dobede galloping in, with a face as red as the sun in a fog."

"Well, it may be he has heard the news. I can tell you, Archibald, West Lynne is in a state of excitement that has not been its lot for many a day."

Miss Carlyle was right. Excitement and indignation had taken possession of West Lynne. How the people rallied around Mr. Carlyle! Town and country were alike up in arms. But government interest was rife at West Lynne, and, whatever the private and public feeling might be, collectively or individually, many votes would be recorded for Sir Francis Levison.

One of the first to become cognizant of the affair was Lord Mount Severn. He was at his club one evening, in London, poring over an evening paper, when the names, "Carlyle," "West Lynne," caught his view. Knowing that Mr. Carlyle had been named as the probable member, and heartily wishing that he might become such, the earl naturally read the paragraph.

He read it, and read it again; he rubbed his eyes, he rubbed his glasses, he pinched himself to see whether he were awake or dreaming. For, believe what that newspaper asserted—that Sir Francis Levison had entered the lists in opposition to Mr. Carlyle, and was at West Lynne, busily canvassing—he could not.

"Do you know anything of this infamous assertion?" he inquired of an intimate friend —"infamous, whether it be true or false."

"It's true. I heard of it an hour ago. Plenty of cheek that Levison must have."

"*Cheek!*" repeated the dismayed earl, feeling as if every part of him, body and mind, were outraged by the news, "don't speak of it that way. The hound deserves to be gibbeted."

He threw aside the paper, quitted the club, returned home for a carpet-bag, and went shrieking and whistling down to West Lynne, taking his son with him. Or, if he did not whistle and shriek, the engine did. Fully determined was the earl of Mount Severn to show his opinion of the affair.

On these fine spring mornings, their breakfast over, Lady Isabel was in the habit of going into the grounds with the children. They were on the lawn before the house, when two gentlemen came walking up the avenue; or, rather, one gentleman, and a handsome young stripling grown into another. Lady Isabel thought she could have dropped, for she stood face to face with Lord Mount Severn. The earl stopped to salute the children, and he raised his hat to the strange lady.

"It is my governess, Madame Vine," said Lucy.

A silent courtesy from Madame Vine. She turned away her head and gasped for breath.

"Is your papa at home, Lucy?" cried the earl.

"Yes. I think he is at breakfast. I'm so glad you are come!"

Lord Mount Severn walked on, holding William by the hand, who had eagerly offered to "take him" to papa. Lord Vane bent over Lucy, to kiss her. A little white, a very few more years, and my young lady would not hold up her rosy lips so boldly.

"You have grown a dearer girl than ever, Lucy. Have you forgotten our compact?"

"No," laughed she.

"And you will not forget it?"

"Never," said the child, shaking her head. "You shall see if I do."

"Lucy is to be my wife," cried he, turning to Madame Vine. "It is a bargain, and we have both promised. I mean to wait for her till she is old enough. I like her better than any one else in the world."

"And I like him," spoke up Miss Lucy. "And it's all true."

Lucy was a child—it may almost be said an infant; and the viscount was not of an age to render important such avowed passions. Nevertheless, the words did thrill through the veins of the hearer. She spoke, she thought, not as Madame Vine would have spoken and thought, but as the unhappy mother, the ill-fated Lady Isabel.

"You must not say these things to Lucy. It could never be."

Lord Vane laughed.

"Why?" asked he.

"Your father and mother would not approve."

"My father would—I know he would. He likes Lucy. As to my mother—oh, well, she can't expect to be master and mistress too. You be off for a minute, Lucy: I want to say something to Madame Vine. Has Carlyle shot that fellow?" he continued, as Lucy sprung away. "My father is so still, especially when he's put up, that he would not sully his lips with the name, or make a single inquiry when we arrived, neither would he let me, and I walked up here with my tongue burning."

She would have responded, "what fellow?" but she suspected too well, and the words died away on her unwilling lips.

"That brute, Levison. If Carlyle riddled his body with shots, for this move, and then kicked him till he died, he'd only get his deserts, and the world would applaud. *He* oppose Carlyle! I wish I had been a man a few years ago, he'd have got a shot through his heart then. I say," dropping his voice, "did you know Lady Isabel?"

"Yes—no—yes."

She was at a loss what to say—almost as unconscious what she did say.

"She was Lucy's mother, you know, and I loved her. I think that's why I love Lucy, for she is the very image of her. Where did you know her? Here?"

"I knew her by hearsay," murmured Lady Isabel, aroused to recollection.

"Oh, hearsay! *Has* Carlyle shot the beast, or is he on his legs yet? By Jove! to think that he should sneak himself up, in this way, at West Lynne!"

"You must apply elsewhere for information," she gasped. "I know nothing of these things."

She turned away with a beating heart, took Lucy's hand, and departed. Lord Vane started off on a run round the house, his heels flying behind him.

And now the contest began in earnest—that is, the canvass. Sir Francis Levison, his agent, and the friend from town, who, as it turned out, instead of being some great gun of the government, was a private chum of the baronet's, by name Drake, sneaked about the town like dogs with their tails burnt, for they were entirely alive to the odor in which they were held, their only attendants being a few young gentlemen and ladies in rags, who commonly brought up the rear. The other party presented a stately crowd—country gentry, magistrates, Lord Mount Severn. Sometimes Mr. Carlyle would be with them, arm-in-arm with the latter. If the contesting groups came within view of each other, and were likely to meet, the brave Sir Francis would disappear down an entry, behind a hedge, any place convenient; with all his "face of brass!" he could not meet Mr. Carlyle and that condemning jury around him.

One afternoon, it pleased Mrs. Carlyle to summon Lucy and the governess to accompany her into West Lynne. She was going shopping. Lady Isabel had a dread and horror of appearing there while that man was in the town, but she could not help herself. There was no pleading illness, for she was quite well: there must be no saying, "I will not go," for she was a dependent. They started, and had walked as far as Mrs. Hare's cottage, when Miss Carlyle turned out of it.

"Your mamma's not well, Barbara."

"Is she not?" cried Barbara, with quick concern. "I must go in and see her."

"She has had one of those ridiculous dreams again," said Miss Carlyle, ignoring the presence of the governess and Lucy. "I was sure of it by her very look when I got in; shivering and shaking, and glancing fearfully around, as if she feared a dozen spectres were about to burst out of the walls. So I taxed her with it, and she could make no denial. Richard is in some jeopardy, she protests, or will be. And there she is, shaking still, although I told her that people who put faith in dreams were only fit for a lunatic asylum."

Barbara looked distressed. She did not believe in dreams any more than Miss Carlyle, but she could not forget how strangely peril to Richard *had* supervened upon some of these dreams.

"I will go in now and see mamma," she said. "If you are returning home, Cornelia, Madame Vine can walk with you, and wait for me there."

"Let me go in with you, mamma?" pleaded Lucy.

Barbara mechanically took the child's hand. The gate closed on them, and Miss Carlyle and Lady Isabel proceeded in the direction of the town. But not far had they gone when, in turning a corner, the wind, which was high, flew away with the veil of Lady Isabel, and, in raising her hands in trepidation to save it before it was finally gone, she contrived to knock off her blue spectacles. They fell to the ground and were broken.

"How did you manage that?" uttered Miss Carlyle.

How, indeed? She bent her face on the ground, looking at the damage. What should she do? The veil was over the hedge, the spectacles broken—how could she dare show her naked face? That face was rosy just then, as in former days; the eyes were bright, and Miss Carlyle caught their expression, and stared in very amazement.

"Good heavens above," she uttered, "what an extraordinary likeness!" And Lady Isabel's heart turned faint and sick within her.

Well it might. And, to make matters worse, bearing down right upon them, but a few paces distant, came Sir Francis Levison. Would *he* recognize her?

Standing blowing in the wind at the turning of the road were Miss Carlyle and Lady Isabel Vane. The latter, confused and perplexed, was picking up the remnant of her damaged spectacles; the former, little less perplexed, gazed at the face which struck upon her memory as being so familiar. Her attention, however, was called off the face to the apparition of Sir Francis Levison.

He was close upon them, Mr. Drake and the other comrade being with him, and some tag-rag in attendance, as usual. It was the first time he and Miss Carlyle had met face to face. She bent her condemning brow, haughty in its bitter scorn, full upon him, for it was not in the nature of Miss Carlyle to conceal her sentiments, especially when they were rather of the strongest. Sir Francis, when he arrived opposite, raised his hat to her. Whether it was done in courtesy, in confused unconsciousness, or in mockery, cannot be told. Miss Carlyle assumed it to have been the latter, and her lips, in their anger, grew almost as pale as those of the unhappy woman who was cowering behind her.

"Did you intend that insult for me, Francis Levison?"

"As you please to take it," returned he, calling up insolence to his aid.

"You dare to lift off your hat to me! Have you forgotten that I am Miss Carlyle?"

"It would be difficult for *you* to be forgotten, once seen."

Now this answer was given in mockery; his tone and manner were redolent of it, insolently so. The two gentlemen looked on in discomfort, wondering what it meant; Lady Isabel hid her face as best she could, terrified to death lest his eyes should fall on it: while the spectators, several of whom had collected now, listened with interest, especially some farm laborers of Squire Pinner's, who had happened to be passing.

"You contemptible worm!" ejaculated Miss Carlyle, "do you think you can outrage me with impunity, as you, by your presence in it, are outraging West Lynne? Out upon you, for a bold, bad man!"

Now Miss Corny, in so speaking, had certainly no thought of present and immediate punishment for the gentleman; but it appeared that the mob around had. The motion was commenced by those stout-shouldered laborers. Whether excited thereto by the words of Miss Corny—who, whatever may have been her faults of manner, held the respect of the neighborhood, and was looked up to only in a less degree than her brother; whether Squire Pinner, their master, had let drop, in their hearing, a word of the ducking he had hinted at, when at East Lynne; or whether their own feelings alone spurred them on, was best known to the men themselves. Certain it is, that the ominous sound of "Duck him," was breathed forth by a voice, and it was caught up and echoed around.

"Duck him! Duck him! The pond be close at hand. Let's give him a taste of his deservings! What do he, the scum, turn himself up at West Lynne for, bearding Mr. Carlyle? What have he done with Lady Isabel? *Him* put up for us others at West Lynne! West Lynne's respectable: it don't want him: it have got a better man: it won't have a villain. Now, lads!"

His face turned white, and he trembled in his shoes: worthless men are frequently cowards. Lady Isabel trembled in here; and well she might, hearing that one allusion. They set upon him, twenty pairs of hands at least, strong, rough, determined hands; not to speak of the tag-rag's help, who went in with cuffs, and kicks, and pokes, and taunts, and cheers, and a demoniac dance.

They dragged him through a gap in the hedge, a gap that no baby could have got through in a cool moment, but we most of us know the difference between coolness and excitement. The hedge was extensively damaged, but Justice Hare, to whom it belonged, would forgive that. Mr. Drake and the lawyer—for the other was a lawyer—were utterly powerless to stop the catastrophe. "If they didn't mind their own business and keep themselves clear, they'd get served the same," was the promise held out in reply to their remonstrances; and the lawyer, who was short and fat, and could not have knocked a man down, had it been to save his life, backed out of the *melee*, and contented himself with issuing forth confused threatenings of the terrors of the law. Miss Carlyle stood her ground majestically, and looked on with a grim countenance. Had she interfered for his protection, she could not have been heard: and, if she could have been, there's no knowing whether she would have done it.

On, to the brink of the pond: a green, dank, dark, slimy, sour, stinking pond. His coat tails were gone by this time, and sundry rents and damages appeared in—in another useful garment. One pulled him, another pushed him, a third shook him by the collar, half a dozen buffeted him, and all abused him.

"In with him, boys!"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the victim, his knees bending and his teeth chattering "a little mercy, for the love of Heaven!"

"Heaven! Much he knows of Heaven!"

A souse, a splash, a wild cry, a gurgle, and Sir Francis Levison was floundering in the water, its green poison, not to mention its adders and toads and frogs, going down his throat by bucketfuls. A hoarse, derisive laugh, and a hip, hip, hurrah! broke from the actors; while the juvenile rag-tag, in wild delight, joined their hands round the pool, and danced the demon's dance, like so many red Indians. They had never had such a play acted for them before.

Out of the pea-soup before he was quite dead, quite senseless. Of all drowned rats, he looked the worst as he stood there with his white, rueful face, his shivery limbs, and his dilapidated garments, shaking the wet off him. The laborers, their duty done, walked coolly away; the rag-tag withdrew to a safe distance, waiting for what might come next; and Miss Carlyle moved away also. Not more shivery was that wretched man than Lady Isabel, as she walked by her side. A sorry figure to cut, that, for her once chosen cavalier. What did she think of his beauty now? I know what she thought of her past folly.

Miss Carlyle never spoke a word. She sailed on, with her head up, though it was turned occasionally to look at the face of madam Vine, at the deep, distressing blush which this gaze called into her cheeks. "It's very odd," thought Miss Corny. "The likeness, especially in the eyes, is —— Where are you going, madam?"

They were passing a spectacle shop, and Madame Vine had halted at the door, one foot on its step. "I must leave my glasses to be mended, if you please."

Miss Carlyle followed her in. She pointed out what she wanted done to the old glasses, and said she would buy a new pair, to wear while the job was about. The man had no blue ones, no green; plenty of white. One ugly, old pair of green things he had, with tortoiseshell rims, left by some stranger, ages and ages ago, to be mended, and never called for again. This very pair of ugly old green things was chosen by Lady Isabel. She put them on, there and then, Miss Carlyle's eyes searching her face inquisitively all the time.

"Why do you wear glasses?" began Miss Corny, abruptly, as soon as they were indoors.

Another deep flush, and an imperceptible hesitation.

"My eyes are not strong."

"They look as strong as eyes can look. But, why wear colored glasses? White ones would answer every purpose, I should suppose."

"I am accustomed to colored ones. I should not like white ones now."

Miss Corny paused.

"What is your Christian name, madam?" began she, again.

"Jane," replied madam, popping out an unflinching story, in her alarm.

"Here! here! what's up? What's this?"

It was a crowd in the street, and rather a noisy one. Miss Corny flew to the window, Lady Isabel in her wake. Two crowds, it may almost be said; for, from the opposite way, the scarlet-and-purple party—as Mr. Carlyle was called, in allusion to his colors, came in view. Quite a collection of gentlemen—Mr. Carlyle and Lord Mount Severn heading them.

What could it mean, the mob they were encountering? The yellow party, doubtless, but in a disreputable condition. Who or what was that object in advance of it, supported between Drake and the lawyer, and looking like a drowned rat? Hair hanging, legs tottering, cheeks shaking, and clothes in tatters! While the mob, behind, had swollen to the length of the street, and was keeping up a perpetual fire of derisive shouts, groans, and hisses. The scarlet-and-purple halted in consternation, and Lord Mount Severn, whose sight was not as good as it had been twenty years back, stuck his pendent eye-glasses astride on the bridge of his nose.

Sir Francis Levison? Could it be? Yes, it actually was! What on earth had put him into that state? Mr. Carlyle's lip curled: he continued his way, and drew the peer with him.

"What the deuce is a-gate now?" called out the followers of Mr. Carlyle. "That's Levison! Has he been in a railway smash, and got drenched by the engine?"

"He have been *ducked!*" grinned the yellows, in answer. "They have been and ducked him in the rush pool, on Mr. Justice Hare's land."

The soaked and miserable man increased his speed as much as his cold and trembling legs would allow him; he would have borne on without legs at all, rather than remain under the enemy's gaze. The enemy loftily continued their way, their heads in the air, and scorning further notice; all, save young Lord Vane. He hovered round the ranks of the unwashed, and looked vastly inclined to enter upon an Indian jig, on his own account.

"What a thundering ass I was, to try it on at West Lynne!" was the enraged comment of the sufferer.

Miss Carlyle laid her hand upon the shrinking arm of her pale companion.

"You see him—my brother Archibald?"

"I see him," faltered Lady Isabel.

"And you see *him*, that pitiful outcast, who is too contemptible to live? Look at the two, and contrast them. Look well."

"Yes!" was the gasping answer.

"The woman who called him, that noble man, husband, quitted him for the other! Did she come to repentance, think you?"

You may wonder that the submerged gentleman should be *walking* through the streets, on his way to his quarters, the Raven Inn—for he had been ejected from the Buck's Head—but he could not help himself. As he was dripping and swearing on the brink of the pond, wondering how he should get to the Raven, an empty fly drove past, and Mr. Drake immediately stopped it; but when the driver saw that he was expected to convey not only a passenger, but a tolerable quantity of water as well, and that the passenger, moreover, was Sir Francis Levison, he refused the job. His fly was fresh lined with red velvet, and he "weren't agoing to have it spoilt," he called out, as he whipped his horse and drove away, leaving the three in wrathful despair. Sir Francis wanted another conveyance procured; his friends urged that if he waited for that he might catch his death, and that the shortest way would be to hasten to the inn on foot. He objected. But his jaws were chattering, his limbs were quaking, so they seized him between them, and made off. But they never bargained for the meeting with Mr. Carlyle and his party: Francis Levison would have stopped in the pond, of his own accord, head downward, rather than face *them*.

Miss Carlyle went that day to dine at East Lynne, walking back with Mrs. Carlyle, Madam Vine, and Lucy. Lord Vane found them out, and returned at the same time: of course East Lynne was the headquarters of himself and father. He was in the seventh heaven, and had been ever since the encounter with the yellows.

"You'd have gone into laughing convulsions, Lucy, had you seen the drowned cur. I'd give all my tin for six months to come, to have a photograph of him as he looked then!"

Lucy laughed in glee: she was unconscious, poor child, how deeply the "drowned cur" had injured her.

When Miss Carlyle was in her dressing-room taking her things off—the room where once had slept Richard Hare—she rang for Joyce. These two rooms were still kept for Miss Carlyle—for she did sometimes visit them for a few days—and were distinguished by her name—"Miss Carlyle's rooms."

"A fine row we have had in the town, Joyce, this afternoon!"

"I have heard of it, ma'am. Serve him right, if they had let him drown! Bill White, Squire Pinner's ploughman, called in here and told us the news. He'd have burst with it, if he hadn't, I expect; I never saw a chap so excited. Peter cried."

"Cried!" echoed Miss Carlyle.

"Well, ma'am, you know he was very fond of Lady Isabel, was Peter, and somehow his feelings overcame him. He said he had not heard anything to please him so much for many a day; and, with that he burst out crying, and gave Bill White half-a-crown out of his pocket. Bill White said it was he who held one leg when they soused him in. Afy saw it—if you'll excuse me mentioning her name to you, ma'am, for I know you don't think well of her; and when she got in here, she fell into hysterics."

"How did she see it?" snapped Miss Carlyle, her equanimity upset by the sound of the name. "I didn't see her, and I was present."

"She was coming here with a message from Mrs. Latimer to the governess."

"What did she go into hysterics for?" again snapped Miss Carlyle.

"It upset her so, she said," returned Joyce.

"It wouldn't have done her harm had they ducked her too?" was the angry response.

Joyce was silent. To contradict Miss Corny brought triumph to nobody. And she was conscious, in her innermost heart, that Afy merited a little wholesome correction; not perhaps to the extent of a ducking.

"Joyce," resumed Miss Carlyle, abruptly changing the subject, "who does the governess put you in mind of?"

"Ma'am?" repeated Joyce, in some surprise, as it appeared. "The governess? Do you mean Madame Vine?"

"Do I mean you? or do I mean me? are we governesses?" irascibly cried Miss Corney. "Who should I mean, but Madame Vine?"

She turned herself round from the looking-glass, and gazed full in Joyce's face, waiting for the answer. Joyce lowered her voice as she gave it.

"There are times when she puts me in mind of my late lady, both in her face and manner. But I have never said so, ma'am; for you know Lady Isabel's name must be an interdicted one in this house."

"Have you seen her without her glasses?"

"No, never," said Joyce.

"I did, to-day," returned Miss Carlyle. "And I can tell you, Joyce, that I was confounded at the likeness. It is an extraordinary likeness. One would think it was the ghost of Lady Isabel Vane come into the world again."

That evening, after dinner, Miss Carlyle and Lord Mount Severn sat side by side on the same sofa, coffee cups in hand. Miss Carlyle turned to the earl.

"Was it a positively ascertained fact that Lady Isabel died?"

The earl started with all his might; he thought it was the strangest question that ever was asked him. "I scarcely understand you, Miss Carlyle. Died? Certainly she died."

"When the result of the accident was communicated to you, you made inquiry yourself, into its truth, its details, I believe?"

"It was my duty to do so. There was no one else to undertake it."

"Did you ascertain positively, beyond all doubt, that she did die?"

"Of a surety I did. She died in the course of the same night. Terribly injured she was."

A pause. Miss Carlyle was ruminating. But she returned to the charge, as if difficult to be convinced.

"You deem that there could be no possibility of an error? You are sure that she is dead?"

"I am as sure that she is dead as that we are living," decisively replied the earl; and he spoke but according to his belief.—"Wherefore should you be inquiring this?"

"A thought came over me—only to-day—to wonder whether she was really dead?"

"Had any error occurred at the time, any false report of her death, I should soon have found it out by her drawing the annuity I settled upon her. It has never been drawn since. Besides, she would have written to me, as was agreed upon. No, poor thing, she is gone, beyond all doubt, and has taken her sins with her."

Convincing proofs; and Miss Carlyle lent her ear to them.

The following morning while Madame Vine was at breakfast, Mr. Carlyle entered.

"Do you admit intruders here, Madame Vine?" cried he, with his sweet smile and attractive manner.

She rose; her face burning, her heart throbbing.

"Keep your seat, pray; I have but a moment to stay," said Mr. Carlyle; "I have come to ask you how William seems?"

"There was no difference," she murmured; and then she took courage and spoke more openly. "I understood you to say the other night, sir, that he should have further advice."

"Ay; I wish him to go over to Lynneborough, to Dr. Martin; the drive, I think, will do him good," replied Mr. Carlyle. "And I would like you to accompany him, if you do not mind the trouble. You can have the pony carriage, it will be better to go in that than boxed up in the railway carriage. You can remind Dr. Martin that the child's constitution is precisely what his mother's was," continued Mr. Carlyle, a tinge lighting his face. "It may be a guide to his treatment; he said himself it was, when he attended him for an illness a year or two ago."

"Yes, sir."

He crossed the hall on his entrance to the breakfast room. She tore upstairs to her chamber, and sank down in an agony of tears and despair. Oh, to love him as she did now! to yearn after his affection with this passionate, jealous longing, and to know that they were separated for ever and ever; that she was worse to him than nothing!

Softly, my lady. This is not bearing your cross.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

APPEARANCE OF A RUSSIAN BEAR AT WEST LYNNE.

Mr. Carlyle harangued the populace from the balcony of the Buck's Head, a substantial old house, renowned in the days of posting, now past and gone. Its balcony was an old fashioned, roomy balcony, painted green, where there was plenty of space for his friends to congregate. He was a persuasive orator, winning his way to ears and hearts; but had he spoken with plums in his mouth, and a stammer on his tongue, and a break-down at every sentence, the uproarious applause and shouts would be equally rife. Mr. Carlyle was intensely popular in West Lynne, setting aside his candidateship and his oratory; and West Lynne made common cause against Sir Francis Levison.

Sir Francis Levison harangued the mob from the Raven, but in a more ignoble manner. For the Raven possessed no balcony, and he was fain to let himself down with a stride and a jump from the first floor window on the top of the bow-window of the parlor, and stand there. The Raven, though a comfortable, old-established, and respectable inn, could boast only of casements for its upper windows, and they are not convenient to deliver speeches from. He was wont, therefore, to take his stand on the bow window, and that was not altogether convenient either, for it was but narrow, and he hardly dared move an arm or a leg, for fear of pitching over, on to the upturned faces. Mr. Drake let himself down also, to support him on one side, and, the first day, the lawyer supported him on the other. For the first day only; for that worthy, being not as high as Sir Francis Levison's or Mr. Drake's shoulder, and about five times their breadth, had those two been rolled into one, experienced a slight difficulty in getting back again. It was accomplished at last, Sir Francis pulling him up, and Mr. Drake hoisting him from behind, just as a ladder was being brought out to the rescue, amidst shouts of laughter. The stout man wiped the perspiration from his face when he was landed in safety, and recorded a mental vow never to descend from a window again. After that the candidate and his friend shared the shelf between them. The lawyer's name was Rubiny, ill-naturedly supposed to be a corruption of Reuben.

They stood there one afternoon, Sir Francis's eloquence in full play (but he was a shocking speaker), and the crowd laughing, hissing, groaning, and applauding, blocking up the road. Sir Francis could not complain of one thing—that he got no audience. For it was the pleasure of West Lynne extensively to support him in that respect; a few to cheer, a great many to jeer and hiss. Remarkably dense was the mob on this afternoon, for Mr. Carlyle had just concluded his address from the Buck's head, and the crowd who had been listening to him, came rushing up to swell the ranks of the other crowd. They were elbowing, and pushing, and treading on each other's heels, when an open barouche drove suddenly up to scatter them. Its horses wore scarlet and purple rosettes; and one lady, a very pretty one, sat inside of it. Mrs. Carlyle.

But the crowd could not be so easily scattered; it was too thick; the carriage could advance but at a snail's pace, and now and then came to a stand still. Sir Francis Levison's speech came to a stand-still also, till the confusion should be subsided; for where was the use of wasting words? He did not bow to Barbara; he remembered the result of his having done so to Miss Carlyle, and the little interlude of the pond had washed most of his impudence out of him. He remained at his post, not looking at Barbara, not looking at anything in particular, waiting until the interruption should have passed.

Barbara, under cover of her dainty lace parasol, turned her eyes upon him. At that very moment he raised his right hand, slightly shook his head back, and tossed his hair off his brow. His hand, ungloved, was white and delicate as a lady's, and his rich diamond ring gleamed in the sun. The pink flush on Barbara's cheek deepened to a crimson damask, and her brow contracted as with a remembrance of pain.

"The very action Richard described! the action he was always using at East Lynne! I believe from my heart that the man is Thorn; that Richard was laboring under some mistake when he said he knew Sir Francis Levison."

She let her hands fall upon her knees as she spoke, heedless of the candidate, heedless of the crowd, heedless of all, save her own troubled thoughts. A hundred respectful salutations were offered to her; she answered them mechanically; a shout was raised, "Long live Carlyle! Carlyle for ever!" Barbara bowed her pretty head on either side, and the carriage at length got on.

The parting of the crowd brought Mr. Dill (who had come to listen for once to the speech of the second man) and Mr. Ebenezer James close to each other. Mr. Ebenezer James was one who for the last twelve or fifteen years had been trying his hand at many trades, and had not come out particularly well at any. First, he had been clerk to Mr. Carlyle; next, he had been seduced into joining the corps of the Theatre Royal at Lynneborough; then he turned auctioneer; then traveling in the oil and color line; then a parson, the urgent pastor of some new sect; then omnibus driver; then collector of the water-rate; and now he was clerk again; not in Mr. Carlyle's office, but in that of Hall & Treadman, other solicitors of West Lynne. A good-humored, good-natured, free-of-mannered, idle chap, was Mr. Ebenezer James, and that was the worst that could be urged against him, save that sometimes he was out at pocket and out at elbows. His father was a respectable man, had money in trade; but he had married a second wife, had a second family, and his eldest son did not come in for much of the paternal money; though he did for a large share of the paternal anger.

"Well, Ebenezer, and how goes the world with you?" cried Mr. Dill, by way of salutation.

"Jogging on. It never gets to a trot."

"Didn't I see you turning into your father's house yesterday?"

"I pretty soon turned out of it again. I'm like the monkey when I venture there—get more kicks than halfpence. Hush, old gentleman! we interrupt the eloquence."

Of course "the eloquence" applied to Sir Francis Levison, and they sat themselves to listen, Mr. Dill, with a serious face, Mr. Ebenezer with a grinning one. But soon a jostle and movement carried them to the outside of the crowd, out of sight of the speaker, though not entirely out of hearing. By these means they had a view of the street, and discerned something advancing to them, which they took for a Russian bear on its hind legs.

"I'll—be—blest," uttered Mr. Ebenezer

James, after a prolonged pause of staring consternation, "if I don't believe it's Bethel!"

"Bethel!" repeated Mr. Dill, gazing at the approaching figure. "What has he been doing to himself?"

Mr. Otway Bethel it was, just arrived from foreign parts in his traveling costume. Something shaggy, terminating all over with tails. A wild object he looked, and Mr. Dill rather backed as he drew near, as if fearing he was a real animal which might bite him.

"What's your name?" cried he.

"It used to be Bethel," replied the wild man, holding out his hand to Mr. Dill. "So you are in the world, James, and kicking, yet?"

"And hope to kick in it for some time to come," replied Mr. James. "Where did you hail from last? A settlement at the North Pole?"

"Didn't get quite as far. What's the row here?"

"When did you arrive, Mr. Otway?" inquired old Dill.

"Now. Four o'clock train. I say, what's up?"

"An election; that's all," said Mr. Ebenezer. "Attley went and kicked the bucket."

"I don't ask about the election; I heard all that at the railway station," returned Otway Bethel impatiently. "What's *this?*" waving his hand at the crowd.

"One of the candidates, wasting breath and words. Levison."

"I say," repeated Otway Bethel, looking at Mr. Dill, "wasn't it rather—rather of the ratherest, for *him* to oppose Carlyle?"

"Infamous! contemptible!" was the old gentleman's excited answer. "But he'll get his deserts yet, Mr. Otway; they have already begun. He was treated to a ducking yesterday in Justice Hare's green pond."

"And he did look a miserable devil when he came out, trailing through the streets," added Mr. Ebenezer, while Otway Bethel burst into a laugh. "He was smothered into some hot blankets at the 'Raven,' and a pint of burnt brandy put into him. He seems all right to-day."

"Will he go in and win?"

"Chut! Win against Carlyle! He has not the ghost of a chance; and government—if it is the government who put him on it—must be a pack of fools; they can't know the influence of Carlyle. Bethel, is that style of costume the fashion where you come from?"

"For slender pockets. I'll sell 'em to you now, James, at half price. Let's get a look at this Levison, though. I have never seen the fellow."

Another interruption of the crowd, even as he spoke, caused by the railway van bringing up some luggage. They contrived, in the confusion, to push themselves to the front, not far from Sir Francis. Otway Bethel stared at him in unqualified amazement.

"Why—what brings *him* here? What is he doing?"

"Who?"

He pointed with his finger. "The one with the white handkerchief in his hand."

"That is Sir Francis."

"No!" uttered Bethel, a whole world of astounded meaning in his tone. "By Jove! *He* Sir Francis Levison!"

At that moment, their eyes met, Francis Levison's and Otway Bethel's. Otway Bethel raised his shaggy cap in salutation, and Sir Francis appeared completely scared. Only for an instance did he lose his presence of mind. The next, his eye-glass was stuck in his eye and turned on Mr. Bethel with a hard, haughty stare; as much as to say, Who are you, fellow, that you should take such a liberty? But his cheeks and lips were growing as white as marble.

"Do you know Levison, Mr. Otway?" inquired old Dill.

"A little. Once."

"When he was not Levison, but somebody else," laughed Mr. Ebenezer James. "Eh Bethel?"

Bethel turned as reproving a stare on Mr. Ebenezer, as the baronet had just turned on him. "What do you mean, pray? Mind your own business."

A nod to old Dill, and he turned off and disappeared, taking no further notice of James. The old gentleman questioned the latter.

"What was that little bit of by-play, Mr. Ebenezer?"

"Nothing much," laughed Mr. Ebenezer; "Only he," nodding toward Sir Francis, "was not always the great man he is now."

"Ah!"

"I have held my tongue about it, for it's no affair of mine, but I don't mind letting you into the secret. Would you believe that that grand baronet there, would-be member for West Lynne, used, years ago, to dodge about Abbey Wood, mad after Afy Hallijohn? He didn't call himself Levison then."

Mr. Dill felt as if a hundred pins and needles were pricking at his memory, for there rose up in it certain doubts and troubles, touching Richard Hare and one Thorn. He laid his eager hand upon the other's arm. "Ebenezer James, what did he call himself?"

"Thorn. A dandy then, as he is now. He used to come galloping down the Swainson road at dusk, tie his horse in the wood, and monopolize Miss Afy."

"How do you know this?"

"Because I have seen it a dozen times. I was spooney after Afy myself in those days, and went down there a good deal in an evening. If it hadn't been for him, and—and perhaps that murdering villain, Dick Hare, Afy would have listened to me. Not that she cared for Dick; but, you see, they were gentlemen. I am thankful to the stars, now, for my luck in escaping her. With her for a wife, I should have been in a pickle always; as it is, I do get out of it once in a way."

"Did you know then that he was Francis Levison?"

"Not I. He called himself Thorn, I tell you. When he came down, to offer himself for member, and oppose Carlyle, I was thunderstruck; like Bethel was a minute ago. Ho, ho, said I, so Thorn's defunct, and Levison has risen."

"What had Otway Bethel to do with him?"

"Nothing—that I know of. Only Bethel was fond of the wood also—after other game than Afy, though—and must have seen Thorn often. You saw that he recognized him."

"Thorn—Levison, I mean—did not appear to like the recognition," said Mr. Dill.

"Who would, in his position?" laughed Ebenezer James. "I don't like to be reminded of many a wild scrape of my past life, in my poor station; and what would it be for Levison, were it to come out that he once called himself Thorn, and came running after Miss Afy Hallijohn."

"Why did he call himself Thorn? Why disguise his own name?"

"Not knowing, can't say. *Is* his name Levison? or is it Thorn?

"Nonsense, Mr. Ebenezer."

Mr. Dill, bursting with the strange news he had heard, endeavored to force his way through the crowd, that he might communicate it to Mr. Carlyle. The crowd was, however, too dense for him, and he had to wait the opportunity of escaping with what patience he might. When it came he made the best of his way to the office, and entered Mr. Carlyle's private room. That gentleman was seated at his desk, signing letters.

"Why, Dill, you are out of breath!"

"Well I may be! Mr. Archibald, I have been listening to the most extraordinary statement. I have found out about Thorn. Who do you think he is?"

Mr. Carlyle laid down his pen, and looked full in the old man's face; he had never seen him so excited.

"It's that man, Levison."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Carlyle. He did not. It was as good as Hebrew to him.

"The Levison of to-day, your opponent, is the Thorn who went after Afy Hallijohn. It is so, Mr. Archibald.

"It cannot be!" slowly uttered Mr. Carlyle, thought upon thought working havoc with his brain. "Where did you hear this?"

Mr. Dill told his tale. Otway Bethel's recognition of him; Sir Francis Levison's scared paleness for he had noticed that; Mr. Ebenezer's revelation. The point in it all, that finally settled most upon Mr. Carlyle, was the thought that if Levison were indeed the man, he could not be instrumental in bringing him to justice.

"Bethel has denied to me more than once that he knew Thorn, or was aware of such a man being in existence," observed Mr. Carlyle.

"He must have had a purpose in it, then," returned Mr. Dill. "They knew each other to-day. Levison recognized him for certain; although he carried it off with a high hand, pretending not."

"And it was not as Levison, but as Thorn that Bethel recognized him?"

"There's little doubt of that. He did not mention the name, Thorn; but he was evidently struck with astonishment at hearing that it was Levison. If they have not some secret between them, Mr. Archibald, I'll never believe my own eyes again."

"Mrs. Hare's opinion is, that Bethel had to do with the murder," said Mr. Carlyle, in a low tone.

"If that is their secret, Bethel knows the murderer, rely upon it," was the answer. "Mr. Archibald, it seems to me that now or never is the time to clear up Richard."

"Aye; but how set about it?" responded Mr. Carlyle.

Meanwhile Barbara had proceeded home in her carriage, her brain as busy as Mr. Carlyle's, perhaps more troubled. Her springing lightly and hastily out, the moment it stopped, disdaining the footman's arm, her compressed lips and absent countenance, proved that her resolution was set upon some plan of action. William and Madame Vine met her in the hall.

"We have seen Dr. Martin, Mrs. Carlyle."

"And he says"——

"I cannot stay to hear now, William. I will see you later, madame."

She ran upstairs to her dressing-room, Madame Vine following her with her reproachful eyes. "Why should she care?" thought madame. "It is not her child."

Throwing her parasol on one chair, her gloves on another, down sat Barbara to her writing table. "I will write to him; I will have him here, if it be but for an hour!" she passionately exclaimed. "This shall be, so far, cleared up. I am as sure as sure can be that it is that man. The very action Richard described! And there was the diamond ring! For better, for worse, I will send for him; but it will not be for worse if God is with us."

She dashed off a letter, getting up ere she had well begun it, to order her carriage round again. She would trust none but herself to put it in the post.

"My dear Mr. Smith. We want you here. Something has arisen that it is necessary to see you upon. You can get here by Saturday. Be in *these* grounds, near the covered walk, that evening at dusk. Ever yours, B."

And the letter was addressed to Mr. Smith, of some street in Liverpool, the address furnished by Richard. Very cautious, you see, was Barbara. She even put "Mr. Smith" inside the letter.

"Now stop," cried Barbara to herself, as she was folding it, "I ought to send him a five-pound note, for he may not have the means to come; and I don't think I have one of that amount in the house."

She looked in her secretaire. Not a single five-pound note. Out of that room she ran, meeting Joyce, who was coming along the corridor.

"Do you happen to have a five-pound note, Joyce?"

"No, ma'm, not by me."

"I dare say Madame Vine has. I paid her last week, and there were two five pound notes amongst it." And away went Barbara to the grey parlor.

"Could you lend me a five-pound note, Madame Vine? I have occasion to inclose one in a letter, and find I do not possess one."

Madame Vine went to her room to get it. Barbara waited. She asked William what Dr. Martin said.

"He tried my chest with—Oh, I forget what they call it—and he said, I must be a brave boy and take my cod-liver oil well, and port wine, and everything I liked that was good. And he said he should be at West Lynne next Wednesday afternoon; and I am to go there, and he would call in and see me."

"Where are you to meet him?"

"He said, either at papa's office or at Aunt Cornelia's, as we might decide. Madame fixed it for papa's office, for she thought he might like to see Dr. Martin. I say, mamma."

"What?" asked Barbara.

"Madame Vine has been crying ever since. Why should she?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Crying!"

"Yes; but she wipes her eyes under her spectacles, and thinks I don't see her. I know I am very ill, but why should she cry for that?"

"Nonsense, William! Who told you you were very ill?"

"Nobody. I suppose I am," he thoughtfully added. "If Joyce or Lucy cried, now, there'd be more sense in it, for they have known me all my life."

"You are so apt to fancy things! You are always doing it. It is not likely that madame would be crying because you were ill."

Madame came in with the bank-note. Barbara thanked her, ran upstairs, and in another minute or two was in her carriage.

She was back again, and dressing, when the gentlemen returned to dinner. Mr. Carlyle came upstairs. Barbara, like most persons who do things without reflection, having had time to cool down from her ardor, was doubting whether she had acted wisely in sending so precipitately for Richard. She carried her doubt and care to her husband, her sure refuge in perplexity.

"Archibald, I fear I have done a foolish thing."

He laughed. "I fear we all do that at times, Barbara. What is it?"

He had seated himself in one of Barbara's favorite low chairs, and as she stood before him, leaning on his shoulder, her face a little behind, so that he could not see it. In her delicacy, she would not look at him while she spoke what she was going to speak.

"It is something that I have had upon my mind for years, and I did not like to tell it to you."

"For years!"

"You remember that night, years ago, when Richard was at the grove in disguise"——

"Which night, Barbara? He came more than once."

"The night—the night that Lady Isabel quitted East Lynne," she answered, not knowing how better to bring it to his recollection; and she stole her hand lovingly into his, as she said it. "Richard came back after his departure, saying he had met Thorn in Bean-lane. He described the peculiar motion of his hand, as he threw back his hair from his brow; he spoke of the white hand and the diamond ring—how it glittered in the moonlight. Do you remember?"

"I do."

"The motion appeared perfectly familiar to me, for I had seen it repeatedly used by one then staying at East Lynne. I wondered you did not recognize it. From that night I had little doubt as to the identity of Thorn. I believed that he and Captain Levison were one."

A pause. "Why did you not tell me so, Barbara?"

"How could I speak of that man to you, at that time? Afterward, when Richard was here, that snowy winter's day, he asserted that he knew Francis Levison; that he had seen him and Thorn together; and that put me off the scent. But to-day, as I was passing the Raven, in the carriage—going very slow, on account of the crowd—he was perched out there, addressing the people, and I saw the very same action—the old action that I had used to see."

Barbara paused. Mr. Carlyle did not interrupt her.

"I feel a conviction that they are the same; that Richard must have been under some unaccountable mistake, in saying he knew Francis Levison. Besides, who but he, in evening dress, would have been likely to go through Bean-lane that night? It leads to no houses, but one wishing to avoid the high road could get into it from these grounds, and so on to West Lynne. It was proved, you know, that he met—met the carriage coming from Mrs. Jefferson's, and returned in it to East Lynne. He must have gone back directly on foot to West Lynne, to get the post carriage, as was proved, and he would naturally go through Bean-lane. Forgive me, Archibald, for recalling these things to you, but I do feel sure that Levison and Thorn are one."

"I know they are," he quietly said.

Barbara, in her astonishment, drew back and stared him in the face—a face of severe dignity it was just then.

"Oh, Archibald! Did you know it at that time?"

"I did not know it until this afternoon. I never suspected it."

"I wonder you did not. I have wondered often."

"So do I now. Dill, Ebenezer James, and Otway Bethel—who came home to-day—were standing before the Raven, listening to his speech, when Bethel recognized him; not as Levison—he was infinitely astonished to find he was Levison. Levison, they say, was scared at the recognition, and changed color. Bethel would give no explanation, and moved away; but James told Dill that Levison was the man Thorn, who used to be after Afy Hallijohn."

"How did he know?" breathlessly asked Barbara.

"Because Mr. Ebenezer was after Afy himself, and repeatedly saw Thorn in the wood. Barbara, I believe now that it was Levison who killed Hallijohn, but I should like to know what Bethel had to do with it."

Barbara clasped her hands. "How strange it is!" she exclaimed, in some excitement. "Mamma told me, yesterday, that she was convinced something or other was going to turn up relative to the murder. She had had the most distressing dream, she said, connected with Richard and Bethel, and somebody else, whom she appeared to know in the dream, but could not recognize or remember when she awoke. She was as ill as could be: she does put such faith in these wretched dreams."

"One would think you did also, Barbara, by your vehemence."

"No, no; you know better. But it is strange—you must acknowledge that it is—that, so sure as anything fresh happens touching the subject of the murder, so sure is a troubled dream the forerunner of it. Mamma does not have them at other times. Bethel denied to you that he knew Thorn."

"I know he did."

"And now it turns out that he does know him: and he is always in mamma's dreams—none more prominent in them than Bethel. But, Archibald, I am not telling you; I have sent for Richard."

"You have?"

"I felt sure that Levison was Thorn; I did not expect that others would recognize him, and I acted on the impulse of the moment, and wrote to Richard, telling him to be here on Saturday evening. The letter is gone."

"Well, we must shelter him as we best can."

"Archibald—dear Archibald, what can be done to clear him?" she asked, the tears rising to her eyes.

"Being Levison, I cannot act."

"What?" she uttered. "Not act?—not act for Richard?"

He bent his clear, truthful eyes upon her. "My dearest, how can I?"

She looked a little rebellious, and the tears fell.

"You have not considered, Barbara. Any one in the world but Levison; it would look like my own revenge."

"Forgive me!" she softly whispered. "You are always right. I did not think of it in that light. But, what steps do you imagine can be taken?"

"It is a case encompassed with difficulties," mused Mr. Carlyle. "Let us wait till Richard comes."

"Do you happen to have a five-pound note, in your pocket, Archibald? I had not one to send to him, and borrowed it from Madame Vine."

He took out his pocket-book and gave it her.

In the grey parlor, in the dark twilight of the April evening—for it was getting far on into the night—were William Carlyle and Lady Isabel. It had been a warm day, but the spring evenings were still chilly, and a fire burned in the grate. There was no blaze, the red embers were smoldering and half dead, but Madame Vine did not bestir herself to feed the fire. William lay on the sofa, and she sat by, looking at him. Her glasses were off, for the tears wetted them continually; and it was not the recognition of the children she feared. He was tired with the drive to Lynneborough and back, and lay with eyes shut; she thought asleep. Presently he opened them.

"How long will it be before I die?"

The words took her utterly by surprise, and her heart went round in a whirl. "What do you mean, William? Who said anything about you dying?"

"Oh, I know. I know by the fuss there is over me. You heard what Hannah said the other night."

"What? When?"

"When she brought in the tea, and I was lying on the rug. I was not asleep, though you thought I was. You told her she ought to be more cautious, for that I might not have been asleep."

"I don't remember much about it," said Lady Isabel, at her wit's end how to remove the impression Hannah's words must have created, had he indeed heard them. "Hannah talks great nonsense sometimes."

"She said I was going on fast to the grave."

"Did she? Nobody attends to Hannah. She is only a foolish girl. We shall soon have you well, when the warm weather comes."

"Madame Vine."

"Well, my darling?"

"Where's the use of your trying to deceive me? Do you think I don't see that you are doing it? I'm not a baby; you might if it were Archibald. What is it that's the matter with me?"

"Nothing. Only you are not strong. When you get strong again, you will be as well as ever."

William shook his head in disbelief. He was precisely that sort of child from whom it is next to impossible to disguise facts; quick, thoughtful, observant, and advanced beyond his years. Had no words been dropped in his hearing, he would have suspected the evil, by the care evinced for him, but plenty of words had been dropped; hints by which he had gathered suspicion; broad assertions, like Hannah's, which had too fully supplied it; and the boy, in his inmost heart, knew as well that death was coming for him, as that death itself did.

"Then, if there's nothing the matter with me, why could not Dr. Martin speak to you before me to-day? Why did he send me into the other room while he told you what he thought? Ah, Madame Vine, I am as wise as you."

"A wise little boy, but mistaken sometimes," she said, from her aching heart.

"It's nothing to die, when God loves us. Lord Vane says so. He had a little brother who died."

"A sickly child who was never likely to live; he had been pale and ailing from a baby," spoke lady Isabel.

"Why! did you know him?"

"I—I heard so," she replied, turning off her thoughtless avowal in the best manner she could.

"Don't you know that I'm going to die?"

"No."

"Then why have you been grieving since we left Dr. Martin's? And why do you grieve at all for me? I am not your child."

The words, the scene altogether, overcame her. She knelt down by the sofa, and her tears burst forth freely. "There! you see!" cried William.

"Oh, William, I—I had a little boy of my own once, and when I look at you, I think of him, and that is why I cry."

"I know. You have told us of him before. His name was William, too."

She leaned over him, her breath mingling with his; she took his little hand in hers. "William, do you know that those whom God loves best, he takes first. Were you to die, you would go to heaven, leaving all the cares and sorrows of the world behind you. It would have been happier for many of us had we died in infancy."

"Would it have been happier for you?"

"Yes," she faintly said. "I have had more than my share of sorrow. Sometimes I think that I cannot support it."

"Is it not past, then? Do you have sorrow now?"

"I have it always. I shall have it till I die. Had I died a child, William, I should have escaped it. Oh! the world is full of it! full and full."

"What sort of sorrow?"

"All sorts. Pain, sickness, care, trouble, sin, remorse, weariness," she wailed out. "I cannot enumerate the half that the world brings upon us. When you are very, very tired, William, does it not seem a luxury, a sweet happiness, to lie down at night in your little bed, waiting for the bliss of sleep?"

"Yes. And I am often tired; as tired as that."

"Then, just so do we, who are tired of the world's cares, long for the grave in which we shall lie down to rest. We covet it, William; long for it; but you cannot understand that."

"We don't lie in the grave, Madame Vine."

"No, no, child. Our bodies lie there, to be raised again in beauty at the last day. We go into a blessed place of rest, where sorrow and pain cannot come. I wish—I wish," she uttered, with a bursting heart, "that you and I were both there!"

"Who say's the world's so sorrowful, Madame Vine? I think it is lovely, especially when the sun shines on a hot day, and the butterflies come out. You should see East Lynne on a summer's morning, when you are running up and down the slopes, and the trees are waving overhead, and the sky's blue, and the roses and flowers are all out. You would not call it a sad world."

"A pleasant world, one might regret to leave if we were not wearied by pain and care. But what is this world, take it at its best, in comparison with that other world, heaven? I have heard of some people who are afraid of death: they fear they shall not go to it; but when God takes a little child there, it is because He loves him. It is a land, as Mrs. Barbauld says, where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles"—

"I have seen the flowers," interrupted William, rising in his earnestness. "They are ten times brighter than our flowers here."

"Seen the flowers! The flowers we shall see in heaven!" she echoed.

"I have seen a picture of them. We went to Lynneborough to see Martin's Picture of the Last Judgment. I don't mean Dr. Martin," said William, interrupting himself.

"I know."

"There were three pictures. One was called the 'Plains of Heaven,' and I liked that best, and so we all did. Oh, you should have seen it! Did you ever see them, Madame Vine?"

"No. I have heard of them."

"There was a river, you know, and boats, beautiful gondolas they looked, taking the redeemed to the shores of heaven. They were shadowy figures in white robes, myriads of them, for they reached all up in the air to the holy city: it seemed to be in the clouds coming down from God. The flowers grew on the banks of the river, pink and blue, and violet, all colors they were, but so bright and beautiful; brighter than our flowers are."

"Who took you to see the pictures?"

"Papa. He took me and Lucy: and Mrs. Hare went with us, and Barbara—she was not our mamma, then. But, madame"—dropping her voice—"what stupid thing do you think Lucy asked papa?"

"What did she ask him?"

"She asked whether mamma was amongst that crowd in the white robes; whether she was gone up to heaven? Our mamma that was, you know; Lady Isabel. We were in front of the picture at the time, and lots of people could hear what she said."

Lady Isabel dropped her face upon her hands.

"What did your papa answer?" she breathed.

"I don't know. Nothing, I think; he was talking to Barbara. But it was very stupid of Lucy, because Wilson has told her over and over again that she must never talk of Lady Isabel to papa. Miss Manning has told her so, too. When we got home, and Wilson heard of it, she said Lucy deserved a good shaking."

"Why must not Lady Isabel be talked of to him?"

A moment after the question had left her lips, she wondered what possessed her to give utterance to it.

"I'll tell you," said William, in a whisper. "She ran away from papa. Lucy talks nonsense about her having been kidnapped, but she knows nothing. I do; though they don't think it, perhaps."

"She may be among the redeemed some time, William, and you with her."

He fell back on the sofa pillow with a weary sigh, and lay in silence. Lady Isabel shaded her face, and remained in silence also. Soon she was aroused from it; William was in a fit of loud, sobbing tears.

"Oh, I don't want to die. I don't want to die! Why should I go and leave papa and Lucy?"

She hung over him; she clasped her arms round him; her tears, her sobs, mingling with his. She whispered to him sweet and soothing words; she placed him so that he might sob out his grief upon her bosom; and in a little while the paroxysm had passed.

"Hark!" exclaimed William; "what's that?"

A sound of talking and laughter in the hall. Mr. Carlyle, Lord Mount Severn, and his son were leaving the dining-room. They had some committee appointed that evening at West Lynne, and were departing to keep it. As the hall-door closed upon them, Barbara came into the gray parlor. Up rose Madame Vine, scuffled on her spectacles, and took her seat soberly upon a chair.

"All in the dark! And your fire going out!" exclaimed Barbara, as she hastened to stir the latter and send it into a blaze. "Who's that on the sofa? William! you ought to be to bed."

"Not yet, mamma. I don't want to go yet."

"But it is quite time that you should," she returned, ringing the bell. "To sit up at night is not the way to make you strong."

William was dismissed. And then she turned to Madame Vine, and inquired what Dr. Martin had said.

"He said the lungs were undoubtedly affected; but, like all doctors, he would give no decisive opinion. I could see that he had formed one."

Mrs. Carlyle looked at her. The firelight played especially upon the spectacles, and she moved her chair into the shade.

"Dr. Martin will see him again next week; he is coming to West Lynne. I am sure, by the tone of his voice, by his evasive manner, that he anticipates the worst, although he would not say so in words."

"I will take William into West Lynne myself," observed Barbara. "The doctor will, of course, tell me. I came in to pay my debts," she added, dismissing the subject of the child, and holding out a five-pound note.

Lady Isabel mechanically stretched out her hand for it.

"Whilst we are, as may be said, upon the money topic," resumed Barbara, in a gay tone, "will you allow me to intimate that both myself and Mr. Carlyle very much disapprove of your making presents to the children. I was calculating, at a rough guess, the cost of the toys and things you have bought for them, and I think it must amount to a very large portion of the salary you have received. Pray do not continue this, Madame Vine."

"I have no one else to spend my money on; I love the children," was madame's answer, somewhat sharply given, as if she were jealous of the interference between her and the children, and would resent it.

"Nay, you have yourself. And if you do not require much outlay, you have, I should suppose, a reserve fund to which to put your money. Be so kind as to take the hint, madame; otherwise I shall be compelled more peremptorily to forbid your generosity. It is very good of you, very kind; but if you do not think of yourself, we must for you."

"I will buy them less," was the murmured answer. "I must give them a little token of love now and then."

"That you are welcome to do—a 'little token,' once in a way; but not the costly toys you have been purchasing. Have you ever had any acquaintance with Sir Francis Levison?" continued Mrs. Carlyle, passing with abruptness from one point to another.

An inward shiver, a burning cheek, a heart-pang of wild remorse, and a faint answer, "No."

"I fancied, from your manner when I was speaking of him the other day, that you knew him, or had known him. No compliment, you will say, to assume an acquaintanceship with such a man. He is a stranger to you, then?"

Another faint reply, "Yes."

Barbara paused.

"Do you believe in fatality, Madame Vine?"

"Yes, I do," was the steady answer.

"I don't;" and yet the very question proved that she did not wholly disbelieve it. "No, I don't," added Barbara, stoutly, as she approached the sofa vacated by William, and sat down upon it, thus bringing herself opposite and near to Madame Vine. "Are you aware that it was Francis Levison that wrought the evil to this house?"

"The evil——" stammered Madame Vine.

"Yes, it was he," she resumed, taking the hesitating answer for an admission that the governess knew nothing, or but little, of past events. "It was he who took Lady Isabel from her home—though, perhaps, she was as willing to go as he to take her; I do know——"

"Oh, no, no!" broke from the unguarded lips of Madame Vine. "At least—I mean—I should think not," she added, in confusion.

"We shall never know; and of what consequence is it? One thing is certain, *she went;* another thing, almost equally certain, is, she did not go against her will. Did you ever hear the details?"

"N—o." Her answer would have been "Yes," but possibly the next question might have been, "From whom did you hear them?"

"He was staying at East Lynne. The man had been abroad; outlawed; dared not show his face in England; and Mr. Carlyle, in his generosity, invited him to East Lynne as a place of shelter, where he would be safe from his creditors while something was arranged. He was a connection in some way of Lady Isabel's; and they repaid Mr. Carlyle, he and she, by quitting East Lynne together."

"Why did Mr. Carlyle give that invitation?" The words were uttered in a spirit of remorseful wailing. Mrs. Carlyle believed they were a question put, and she rose up haughtily against it.

"Why did he give the invitation! Did I hear you aright, Madame Vine? Did Mr. Carlyle know he was a reprobate? And, if he had known it, was not Isabel his wife? Could he dream of danger for her? If it pleased Mr. Carlyle to fill East Lynne with bad men to-morrow, what would that be to me—to my safety, to my well-being, to my love and allegiance to my husband? What were you thinking of, madame?"

Thinking of! She leaned her troubled head upon her hand. Mrs. Carlyle resumed:

"Sitting alone in the drawing-room, just now, and thinking matters over, it did seem to me very like what people call a fatality. That man, I say, was the one who wrought the disgrace, the trouble to Mr. Carlyle's family; and it is he, I have every reason now to believe, who brought a nearly equal disgrace and trouble upon mine. Did you know"—Mrs. Carlyle lowered her voice—"that I have a brother in exile—in shame?"

Lady Isabel did not dare to answer that she did know it. Who had there been likely to inform her, the strange governess, of the tale of Richard Hare?

"So the world calls it—shame," pursued Barbara, growing excited. "And it is shame, but not as the world thinks it. The shame lies with another, who has thrust the suffering and shame upon Richard; and that other is Francis Levison. I will tell you the tale. It is worth the telling."

She could only dispose herself to listen; but she wondered what Francis Levison had to do with Richard Hare!

"In the days long gone by, when I was little more than a child, Richard took to go after Afy Hallijohn. You have seen the cottage in the wood; she lived there with her father and Joyce. It was very foolish for him; but young men will be foolish. As many more went after her, or wanted to go after her, as she could count upon her ten fingers. Among them, chief of them, more favored even than Richard, was one called Thorn, by social position a gentleman. He was a stranger, and used to ride over in secret. The night of the murder came—the dreadful murder, when Hallijohn was shot down dead. Richard ran away; testimony was strong against him, and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of 'Willful murder against Richard Hare the younger.' We never supposed but what he was guilty—of the act, mind you, not of the intention; even mamma, who so loved him, believed he had done it; but she believed it was the result of accident, not design. Oh, the trouble that has been the lot of my poor mamma!" cried Barbara, clasping her hands. "And she had no one to sympathise with her—no one, no one! I, as I tell you, was little more than a child; and papa, who might have done it, took part against Richard. It went on for three or four years, the sorrow, and there was no mitigation. At the end of that period Richard came for a few hours to West Lynne—came in secret—and we learnt for the first time that he was *not* guilty. The man who did the deed was Thorn; Richard was not even present. The next question was, how to find Thorn. Nobody knew anything about him—who he was, what he was, where he came from, where he went to; and thus more years passed on. Another Thorn came to West Lynne—an officer in her majesty's service; and his appearance tallied with the description Richard had given. I assumed it to be the one; Mr. Carlyle assumed it; but, before anything could be done, or even thought of, Captain Thorn was gone again."

Barbara paused to take breath. Madame Vine sat listless enough. What was this tale to her?

"Again years went on. The period came of Francis Levison's sojourn at East Lynne. Whilst I was there, Captain Thorn arrived once more, on a visit to the Herberts. We then strove to find out points of his antecedents, Mr. Carlyle and I, and we became nearly convinced that he was the man. I had to come here often to see Mr. Carlyle, for mamma did not dare to stir in the affair, papa was so violent against Richard. Thus I often saw Francis Levison; but he was visible to scarcely any other visitor, being at East Lynne *en cachette*. He intimated that he was afraid of encountering creditors. I now begin to doubt whether that was not a false plea; and I remember Mr. Carlyle said, at the time, that he had no creditors in or near West Lynne."

"Then, what was his motive for shunning society—for never going out?" interrupted Lady Isabel. Too well she remembered that bygone time; Francis Levison had told her that the fear of his creditors kept him up so closely; though he had once said to her they were not in the immediate neighborhood of East Lynne.

"He had a worse fear upon him than that of creditors," returned Mrs. Carlyle. "Singular to say, during this visit of Captain Thorn to the Herberts, we received an intimation from my brother that he was once more about to venture for a few hours to West Lynne. I brought the news to Mr. Carlyle. I had to see him and consult with him more frequently than ever; mamma was painfully restless and anxious, and Mr. Carlyle as eager as we were for the establishment of Richard's innocence; for Miss Carlyle and papa are related, consequently the disgrace may be said to reflect on the Carlyle name."

Back went Lady Isabel's memory and her bitter repentance. She remembered how jealously she had attributed those meetings between Mr. Carlyle and Barbara to another source. Oh, why had she suffered her mind to be so falsely and fatally perverted?

"Richard came. It was hastily arranged that he should go privately to Mr. Carlyle's office, after the clerks had left for the night, be concealed there, and have an opportunity given him of seeing Captain Thorn. There was no difficulty, for Mr. Carlyle was transacting some matter of business for the captain, and appointed him to be at the office at eight o'clock. A memorable night, that, to Mr. Carlyle, for it was the one of his wife's elopement."

Lady Isabel looked up with a start.

"It was, indeed. She—Lady Isabel—and Mr. Carlyle were engaged to a dinner party; and Mr. Carlyle had to give it up, otherwise he could not have served Richard. He is always considerate and kind, thinking of others' welfare—never of his own gratification. Oh, it was an anxious night! Papa was out. I waited at home with mamma, doing what I could to soothe her restless suspense, for there was hazard to Richard in his night walk through West Lynne to keep the appointment; and, when it was over, he was to come home for a short interview with mamma, who had not seen him for several years."

Barbara stopped, lost in thought. Not a word spoke Madame Vine. She still wondered what this affair touching Richard

Hare and Captain Thorn could have to do with Francis Levison.

"I watched from the window, and saw them come in at the garden gate—Mr. Carlyle and Richard—between nine and ten o'clock, I think it must have been then. The first words they said to me were, that it was not the Captain Thorn spoken of by Richard. I felt a shock of disappointment, which was wicked enough of me, but I had been so sure he was the man; and to hear he was not, seemed to throw us further back than ever. Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, was glad, for he had taken a liking to Captain Thorn. Well, Richard went in to mamma, and Mr. Carlyle was so kind as to accede to her request that he would remain and pace the garden with me. We were so afraid of papa's coming home: he was bitter against Richard, and would inevitably have delivered him up at once to justice. Had he come in, Mr. Carlyle was to keep him in the garden by the gate, while I ran in to give notice and conceal Richard in the hall. Richard lingered; papa did not come and I can't tell how long we paced there; but I had my shawl on, and it was a lovely moonlight night."

That unhappy listener clasped her hands in pain. The matter-of-fact tone, the unconscious mention of common-place trifles proved that they had not been pacing about in disloyalty to her, or for their own gratification. *Why* had she not trusted her noble husband? Why had she listened to that false man, as he pointed them out to her walking there in the moonlight? Why had she given vent, in the chariot, to that burst of passionate tears, of angry reproach? Why, oh! why had she hastened to be revenged? But for seeing them together, she might not have done as she did.

"Richard came forth at last, and departed, to be again an exile. Mr. Carlyle also departed; and I remained at the gate, watching for papa. By and by Mr. Carlyle came back again: he had got nearly home when he remembered that he had left a parchment at our house. It seemed to be nothing but coming back; for just after he had gone a second time, Richard returned in a state of excitement, stating that he had met Thorn—Thorn, the murderer, I mean—in Bean-lane. For a moment I doubted him, but not for long, and we ran after Mr. Carlyle. Richard described Thorn's appearance: his evening dress, his white hands and diamond ring; more particularly he described a peculiar motion of his hand as he threw back his hair. In that moment it flashed across me that Thorn must be Captain Levison: the description was exact. Many and many a time since have I wondered that the thought did not strike Mr. Carlyle."

Lady Isabel sat with her mouth open, as if she could not take in the sense of the words; and when it did become clear to her, she utterly rejected it.

"Francis Levison a murderer! Oh, no! bad man as he is, he is not that."

"Wait," said Mrs. Carlyle. "I did not speak of this doubt—nay, this conviction—which had come to me; how could I mention to Mr. Carlyle the name of the man who did him that foul wrong? And Richard has remained in exile, with the ban of guilt upon him. To-day, as my carriage passed through West Lynne, Francis Levison was haranguing the people. I saw the very same action—the throwing back of the hair with his white hand. I saw the self same diamond ring; and my conviction that he was the man became more firmly seated than ever."

"It is impossible!" murmured Lady Isabel.

"Wait, I say," said Barbara. "When Mr. Carlyle came home to dinner, I, for the first time, mentioned this to him. It was no news—the fact was not. This afternoon, during that same harangue, Francis Levison was recognized by two witnesses to be the man Thorn—the man who went after Afy Hallijohn. It is horrible!"

Lady Isabel sat and looked at Mrs. Carlyle. Not yet did she believe it.

"Yes, it does appear to me as being perfectly horrible," continued Mrs. Carlyle. "He murdered Hallijohn—he, that bad man; and my poor brother has suffered the odium. When Richard met him that night in Bean-lane, he was sneaking to West Lynne in search of the chaise that afterward bore away him and his companion. Papa saw them drive away. Papa stayed out late; and, in returning home, a chaise and four tore past, just as he was coming in at the gate. If that miserable Lady Isabel had but known with whom she was flying! A murderer! in addition to his other achievements. It is a mercy for her that she is no longer alive. What would her feelings be?"

What were they, then, as she sat there? A *murderer!* and she had—— In spite of her caution, of her strife for self-command, she turned of a deadly whiteness, and a low sharp cry of horror and despair burst from her lips.

Mrs. Carlyle was astonished. Why should her communication have produced this effect upon Madame Vine? A renewed suspicion that she knew more of Francis Levison than she would acknowledge, stole over her.

"Madame Vine, what is he to you?" she asked, bending forward.

Madame Vine, doing fierce battle with herself, recovered her outward equanimity. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Carlyle," she shivered; "I am apt to picture things too vividly. It is, as you say, so very horrible."

"Is he nothing to you? Don't you know him?"

"He is nothing to me—less than nothing. As to knowing him—I saw him yesterday, when they put him into the pond. A man like that! I should shudder to meet him."

"Ay, indeed!" said Barbara, reassured. "You will understand, Madame Vine, that this history has been given to you in confidence. I look upon you as one of ourselves."

There was no answer. Madame Vine sat on with her white face. She and it were altogether a ghastly look.

"It tells like a fable out of a romance," resumed Mrs. Carlyle. "Well for him if the romance be not ended on the gibbet. Fancy what it would be for him—Sir Francis Levison—to be hung for murder!"

"Barbara, my dearest!"

The voice was Mr. Carlyle's, and she flew off on the wings of love. It appeared that the gentlemen had not yet departed, and now thought they would take coffee first.

Flew off to her idolized husband, leaving her, who had once been the idolized, to her loneliness. She sank down on the sofa; she threw her arms up in her heart-sickness; she thought she would faint; she prayed to die. It was horrible, as Barbara had called it. For that man, with the red stain upon his hand and soul, she had flung away Archibald Carlyle.

If ever retribution came home to woman, it came home in that hour to Lady Isabel.

(To be continued in our next.)

OPINIONS grounded upon prejudice are always maintained with the greatest violence.

THERE is this of good in real evils—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that are imaginary.

THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only a part of our Maker's plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold.
Yet I am a part of our Maker's plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy, golden head;
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of our Maker's plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full;
How, why, and for what all strange things were;
She was only a child at school!
But she thought, "It is part of our Maker's plan
That even I should do all that I can."

She helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

THE GHOST OF ALNWICK PLACE.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay-window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the grey shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore. From the walls, frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" ejaculated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazelwood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, was infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own soft voice; "only years ago, long before my great grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was cruelly killed by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition!"

"And," pursued Violet, sinking her voice to a whisper, and instinctively moving nearer to the side of Hazelwood, "the story goes on to say that a figure, all robed in white, with a crimson wound gaping in its throat, sweeps through these echoing vestibules like a shadow at the dead of night."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Aunt Rebecca, impatiently; "you may depend that it is only the red hangings, and the moonlight, and the wind. I never saw a ghost yet, and I don't believe I ever shall."

"Oh, Aunt Rebecca!" said Violet, deprecatingly, looking round with a nervous start, as some distant door creaked on its hinges.

"Fiddlestick!" said Miss Rebecca, sharply. "Sensible people lie quiet in their graves after they are dead; and I'll wager anything that this whole ghost story is a sheer fabrication of some one or other, who enjoyed the idea of laughing in his sleeve at other people's senseless terror."

"I remember," said Violet, softly, "how fearful I used to be of crossing the hall after dusk, when I was a little, timid girl."

"But you are not afraid now?" said Hazelwood, in a half whisper, looking admiringly down at the delicate peach-bloom face turned towards his. "Don't go away yet; it's so quiet and lovely here in the icy winter starlight. See that beautiful planet, blazing like a point of gold above the red traces of sunset! You are not cold?"

"No—oh, no!" said the young girl, thoughtfully.

"I am glad you told me that ghost story," pursued Hazelwood, smiling. "Don't start—that noise was only the rustling of yonder faded draperies. There is something very pathetic in the idea of that lovely girl meeting such a fate in the solemn silence of the old woods. I can fancy the whole scene most vividly."

He paused, as if imagination were already at work in his brain.

"I wish you wouldn't talk so foolishly, Captain Hazelwood," said Aunt Rebecca, uneasily.

"What are you looking for, aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazelwood; "by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room, and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl-papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory."

Violet gave him an arch glance, as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Captain Hazelwood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides——"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I believe I shall go up to bed."

"But, aunt, it is so early!"

"Never mind," said Miss Rebecca, who seemed to labor under a little difficulty of articulation. "I feel rather weary, and had better retire."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Nonsense! do you suppose I'm afraid of a pack of ghosts, running about in white night-gowns?"

Violet smiled, and went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver! While darkly ranged against the black-blue horizon, the leafless oaks stood like embattled armies silently awaiting the bugle-call of Day. At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazelwood, as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of Time. But then Charles Hazelwood was in love.

The tall, old fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearthstone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of chirp, as if their small lungs were fairly wearied out, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand. Now Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure and eighteen-year-old style of dress, was a very different sort of person from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing-robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the most prepossessing of the two. Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! what is that? The ghost! —the ghost!"

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clasped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained down upon her,—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live! Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of night?" interrupted Colonel Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life, or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob. "I dropped my false teeth out there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there, with Violet and Captain Hazelwood standing by; and so—and so——"

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old."

"Only forty-nine, James!" interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark, and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with eau-de-Cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Colonel Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure!" said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands; "for it's as cold as Greenland out here in the hall. Why, hillos! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet, "but——"

"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanations," interposed Charles Hazelwood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered Colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet—your daughter—and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light; Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the Colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady, "I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and——"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the Colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazelwood, "I had just asked her if she wouldn't marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said, 'Yes,' —that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer, laughingly detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Colonel Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her. No thanks, now; but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that——"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health.

There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret; but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Alnwick Place: One is, that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset.

And this was "positively the last appearance" of the Ghost of Alnwick Place.

ATTENTION is the duty we owe to others; cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

IN character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

FACETIÆ.

WHEN is a man like a pretty flower? When he is little dazey.

THE proper salutation when you meet a writing-master is, "How do you flourish?"

ANDREW JACKSON, when President of the United States, was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

THE late Emperor of Austria, when Liszt had played before him, went up to compliment him. "I have heard Heitz, and Thalberg, and Choppin," he said, gravely; "but I have never seen any one perspire like you."

"WHAT beautiful teeth Mrs. Robinson has!" remarked Mrs. Smith, before her niece, a little girl of five or six.

"Oh," cried the child, "they are not so beautiful as yours, auntie!"

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"Why, yes, auntie; yours have got gold all round them!"

A MAN describing a western hotel, says: "You can sit there and think that you wouldn't be surprised to behold Cleopatra in her barge, with 'a bonnet off her jib,' come sailing through the room on the placid bosom of an ocean of ox-tail soup, and eating a pearl as big as a watermelon."

AN Oxford undergraduate was asked to point out "which were the greater and which were the lesser prophets." For a moment this was a "poser" to young Hopeful. He soon rallied, however, recovered his self-possession, and answered, with the utmost nonchalance, "I never like to make invidious distinctions."

IF you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you want to move fast.

WHAT a lover thinks about cremation:

My love she is done to a turn;
Her form I never shall see;
They burnt her all up like a flash,
And left me to sorrow for she.

But all is the same, as I see,
When out of my Shakespeare I learns
That, alas, she is gone to that burn
Whence a traveler never returns.

IT was an unfortunate idea, making the new ten-cent scrip so much like the fifty-cent scrip. It is no pleasant sensation, after hurrying from a store and all the way home under the impression that you have beaten somebody out of forty cents, to find you have the right change after all. We may be a little prejudiced, but it strikes us this is taking an ungenerous advantage of trusting nature.

MRS. JONES always believed her Frederick when he told her that the "club" was for social intercourse and discussion of professional topics, until the other night, when he came into the hall with a rush and evinced a desire to sleep on the front stairs. "Mary," said he, his voice broken with emotion, "Mary, you have been partaking of the intoxicating pledge, you have broken the cup. Itsh no use d'nying it, Mary, I shee it in your breath and smell it in your eye. Oh, Mary!" With some difficulty he was put to bed, but since that night he has not visited the club.

OUR Jenny is the most discontented, unhappy little monkey that ever lived. She finds something to cry about twenty times a day. Yesterday I saw her sitting on a box in the back yard, a small monument of despair. The tears were running slowly down her cheeks, and old Carlo, the Newfoundland dog, all decked in rags and strings, stood wagging his tail and watching her sympathetically. I took her up in my arms and asked her what she was crying about.

"Oh, many sings," she said.

"What things, darling?"

"Oh, everysings is wrong, everysings in dis world. I wish you hadn't borned me."

"Tell mamma what is wrong now."

"Well, den, old Carlo's tail drowed out behind, when I wanted it to drow out 'tween his shoulders, too why for a pummel, so's I tould ride on his back and have somesing to hold on to."

AN EASTER STORY.—On one of the disagreeable nights of Easter week, an ancient typo made a raid, after midnight, on the kitchen of his dwelling, to find something for his stomach's sake. He stumbled over a hot stove, upon which there was a small coffee-pot, sweetly humming a gentle tune, very pleasing to the ear of a hungry and a thirsty wayfaring man. The contents of the coffee-pot were poured out, in a dim light of the kitchen candle, duly sugared and stirred, and then tossed off into the channel of many preceding and perhaps stronger draughts. Our friend said "he thought it tasted rather queer," but he went to bed full, and that was all he cared for then. But his dreams were disturbed and his sleep unhealthy. At breakfast, the next morning, he was in a bad humor, and growled at the coffee as people are apt to do sometimes when they have slept badly. "The coffee at breakfast," he said, "was not as good as that he had found on the stove the night before." A general smile of intelligence was exchanged at this opinion, and the autocrat of the breakfast-table, his wife, calmly remarked, "That's what became of your pot of Easter egg-dye, children; your father drank it, and I feel sure, as he has stood it without changing color in the least, he will never dye."

ALL good mothers-in-law will laugh with us at this funny story, which comes to us from Chicago. Amelia Donnerschig sued Augustus Behrens for breach of promise, and the case was heard by Justice Banyon, damages being held in the sum of $200. The defence was that Amelia insisted on bringing her mother to live with her in her new home. "Now," said the defendant, "her mother is a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits, and would insist upon feeding me too much on cabbage—a vegetable for which I have a great dislike. I am ready to marry Amelia, but I am not ready to marry the old woman." The judge: "My young friend, which would you rather do—marry the woman and take the mother to live with you, or to pay $200?" A fine sarcastic expression at once illuminated the visage of Augustus. Firmness, also, was to be noticed in his accent, as he answered: "I will pay the $200." When he had said this, the judge congratulated him and observed: "If I had only the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved me about twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness;" and then his honor went on to tell the old, old story about his mother-in-law. But the best was yet to come. "The order of the court," concluded the judge, "is that the defendant stand discharged, and that Amelia, who has been trying to bring a man into slavery to a mother-in-law, be fined $10 and costs." It would be rather hard to find authority for the judge's decision in any authorized work on contracts; but we suppose that he went behind precedents to principles.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS.

If a fire does not burn well, and you want to "draw it up," you should set the poker across the hearth, with the fore part leaning across the top bar of the grate, and you will have a good fire—if you wait long enough; but you must not be unreasonable, and refuse to give time for the charm to work. For a charm it is, the poker and top bar combined forming *a cross*, and so defeating the malice of the gnomes, who are jealous of our possession of their subterranean treasures; or else of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys. I had seen the thing done scores of times, and understanding that it was supposed to create a draught, like a poor, weak rationalist as I was, I once thought to improve the matter by setting up the shovel instead of the poker; but I might as well have left it alone—the fire wasn't to be taken in, or the witches balked, by such a shallow contrivance, and I was left in the cold.

This poker-superstition is at least harmless, and we may admit that among those belonging to the household there are some which are positively beneficial—for example, those referring to the breakage of glass and crockery. You have a valuable mirror, we will say. Do you know what is its greatest safeguard from the handles of housemaids' brooms, etc.? It is a belief that if a looking-glass is broken, there will be a death in the family within the year. This fear is, of course, most operative in small households, where there are but few persons to divide the risk with the delinquent. I once had a servant who was very much given to breaking glass and crockery. Plates and wine-glasses used to slip out of her hands as if they had been soaped; even spoons (which it was hardly worth while to drop, for they would not break) came jingling to the ground in rapid succession. "Let her buy something," said the cook, "and that will change the luck." "Decidedly," said the mistress. "It will be as well that she feels the inconvenience herself." "Oh, I didn't mean that, ma'am," was the reply; "I meant that it would change the luck." "Well, have you broken anything more?" I asked, a few days after this conversation. "No, sir," the girl answered, "I haven't broken nothing since I bout the 'tater dish." Unluckily, however, this was too good to last; the breaking recommenced, and we were obliged to part.

If you break two things, you will break a third. A neighbor saw one of her servants take up a coarse earthenware basin, and deliberately throw it down upon the brick floor. "What *did* you do that for?" asked the mistress. "Because, ma'am, I'd broke tew things," answered the servant, "so I thout the third 'd better be this ere," pointing to the remains of the least valuable piece of pottery in the establishment, which had been sacrificed to glut the vengeance of the offended Ceramic deities.

POWER OF PLEASING.

Women's chief business is to please. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even, manner; but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendant as to be a sensation, with the varied outside influence that sets vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? In the hospitable soul of woman man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

TURTLE-EGG BUTTER.

One of the peculiar productions of Brazil, described by Mr. Fletcher, was "turtle-egg butter." There are innumerable turtles on the sand-bars of the Amazon, and the natives make it a business, at the proper season, to collect their eggs, which are deposited in the sand. These are thrown into a boat, and when a sufficient quantity has been collected, they are trampled by the feet of the Indians. After a short time an oily substance rises to the surface, and is skimmed off, and this is "Turtle-egg butter." Many millions of eggs are destroyed in this way every year, and the article is largely consumed. But Mr. Fletcher confessed that although he had partaken of many strange dishes in the course of his travels, and had learned to relish them, he never could taste turtle-egg butter. He didn't exactly like the manner of churning.

THERE is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, particularly winter evenings. This is especially the case where there is a grown-up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men who are directly interested in the matter.

THE new style of oath is out. Mrs. Marrowfat ordered her husband to peel the onions for dinner, before he left the house yesterday, and Mr. Marrowfat, bringing down his fist upon the table with much emphasis, observed, "May I be cremated malam, if I do!"

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A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Deep the recesses of the dark blue sea,
Broad the expanse of the clear sky above;
But neither half so fathomless can be
As is the depth of a true woman's love.

Stern fate, that causes friends to part,
The strongest, holiest ties may often sever;
But, in the secret of a woman's heart,
The love once kindled will remain forever.

Man, in the heat and fervor of his life,
May soon forget the love that's scorned and slighted;
But woman, hidden from the world's wild strife,
Will sorrow ever for the hope that's blighted.

And, as the ivy round the oak that grows
Will cling to it the tighter when 'tis shaken,
So to the heart that true affection knows,
Affliction will a deeper love awaken.

The rose is stricken by the tempest's blast,
The violet at the north wind's breath will sicken;
But woman's love through all things firm will last,
And sorrow only will new fervor quicken.

If thou wouldst woman's deep devotion prove,
Oh, use it tenderly and slight it never;
For, though no trials can its firmness move,
Unkindness will its ardor crush forever.

THE LOBSTER.

A writer in a contemporary paper thus pleasantly refers to the habits of this peculiar shell-fish:—"A lobster is a particular fellow in his food. I have been watching one in my large marine aquarium. If a portion of food be thrown down to him, he immediately sets his long horns at work to ascertain the whereabouts of his dinner. If he does not like it, he at once pushes it away from him, with the attitude of an epicure who bids the waiter take away a plate he does not fancy. If the food is agreeable to him, he munches it up, moving his jaws in a peculiar way, like a weaver making a blanket. He tears his food into large pieces, leaving the actual pounding to be done by the very peculiar internal teeth which are found in the lining of the stomach. When the lobster goes out for a 'constitutional,' and is not in a particular hurry, he carries his great claws in front of him, well away from the ground. He 'walks' upon the little legs which are underneath his body, while he keeps his horns moving in front of his nose, like a blind man tapping the flags with his stick as he plods along led by his dog; hence, I conclude the lobster is short-sighted. If the least thing alarms him, he scuttles back on his little legs, which move with the rapidity of the legs of a centipede. If he does not go fast enough in this way, he suddenly snaps his tail towards him like a man suddenly closing his hand, and flies backwards with a jerk, like an India-rubber band snapped in half. He always goes into his cave tail foremost, and he takes the most wonderful good shots at the entrance. I really think the lobster must have an eye in his tail somewhere. Our pet lobster is not willing that the secrets of her toilet should be exposed to vulgar gaze; so the first night she was in the tank she artfully collected cockle and oyster shells, and made a trench round herself, after the fashion of the Romans when they took possession of a hill-top. A branch of sea-weed forms a canopy over her head; and there she is at this minute, in a house of her own making, a regular 'compound householder,' with no taxes to pay."

WOODEN ARTILLERY.

Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining than that given in the Seir Mutakhereen, of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually, in one of Aurungzebe's campaigns in the Deccan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two effective pieces. The town, however, was a great mart for timber. The governor, securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business.

He did more, too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy, suspecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defence. Every piece, as soon as fired, became, of course, unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one.

No foundry ever produced more guns in a year than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The enemy, tired out at last with the obstinate defence which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprises, a neighboring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and, by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope.

The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised; and the commandant covered with glory.

A COMMON EXPRESSION.

How often we hear the term, "choice of a wife" employed to express the fact of a man's getting married; and yet how little choice there really is about it! It is not the choice of anything that one can buy; it is something beyond his volition. The choice is contingent on the choice of another, and his choice would not amount to much if t'other party were not willing. The fact is, this little matter of choice is *made* for mortals, and he who prides himself upon his judicious taste in choosing a wife, has no more right to the assumption than he has to the claim he might put in of having chosen to be born of certain parents. The man who pretends to having made such choice, we should like to ask, "What were the premonitory symptoms attending upon your making it? Weren't you head and ears in love, and in a condition to render choice impossible, before you brought yourself to ask the question that the other party was to answer ere the meditated 'choice' could be made?" Of course you were. There is no more choice about it than there is in a stick floating down the stream. The lover gets in the tide of his feelings, and on he goes, plumping at last into the basin of matrimony, and he thinks he had the management of the whole affair. There's where he is more stupid than the stick, for the stick doesn't do any such ridiculous thing. It is best to be modest about it, and if we get a good wife, be thankful to the power that sent her; and if she is bad, perhaps we will not wish to claim her as our choice, but impute the acquisition to another power.

THERE is something so attractive about flowers, that, not content with being merely surrounded by them, we desire to have them yet nearer to us: and wherever we find them, whether in garden or field, our natural impulse, at every age, is to gather them and make their perfume and beauty all our own.

THE BOUDOIR.

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The week opens to us sunshiny and bright, and prospects fair that an appearance on the promenade in airy, spring costumes, will soon be in full force. The parlors of our modistes never looked more attractive, or suits ever so prettily formed to please both eye and purse; and with

SPRING SUITS

we come before you this week, thinking a slight description of some of the latest will not prove distasteful to our fair readers.

The sale of suits ready for use has at last become one of the largest branches of business; and from their being a sameness about them both in quality and shape, we have them now from the mohair or linen to the softest of cashmeres and rarest of silk. A pretty and choice quality of mohair was made with a skirt just escaping the ground. The front was trimmed with three broad puffs, the outer edges hemmed, and the shirring which formed the puff left an edge of an inch, which prettily finished the puff. The puffs were one the entire length of front, and one on each side front seam. The back was of graduated flounces, covering the entire skirt, and a basque very short in front, but quite long and poufed at the back.

Another suit in cashmere was made with a plain front, and four flounces covering the back of skirt. The color was a dove gray, the trimming black velvet. Each flounce was edged with velvet, and straps of velvet were on the ends of each, fastened on the front breadth with a dove-colored button, embroidered with black on the point. The straps were longer at the bottom, and four on the first flounce, three on the second, and so on. A tiny, tight-fitting basque, strapped across the front, finished the dress, marked for its quiet elegance.

A novelty in suits is, trimming the hair-striped silks now more fashionable than ever, with checked silks of the same colors, put on in puffs, ruffles, or bias bands.

OVERSKIRTS.

Shall overskirts be discarded? is the fashionable query of the day, and we venture to say the query is to be answered in the affirmative. A revolution has taken place, and where the long draped overskirt has reigned supreme so long, the skirt instead is covered with puffs or revers for trimming.

In late importations, we have noticed some charming suits, made with trimmed skirts, and a mere apron rounded at the sides into long tabs, which ties under a pouf of the skirt at the back.

MANTILLAS

are fast taking the place of all other wraps, and the latest we have noticed are in *drap-de-ete*, formed with a seam down the back; long, square tabs in front; the whole thickly studded with jets, and edged either with curled tape, fringe, or ostrich ruching.

POLONAISES,

for the coming season, will be worn, formed of minutely tucked strips of muslin, alternating with puffs, and edged with a flounce of muslin with narrow tucks; under the puffs, ribbon of any favorite shade will be inserted, and a sash of the same color slightly loops the back. These polonaises are invariably open to the waist in front.

APRONS

are again in vogue, and the finest and rarest are made of India mull, with a crescent-shaped pocket exactly in the centre; ribbons are inserted in all the hems, and the finest of lace edges the apron and pocket. Plainer aprons have two pockets and a tiny bib; the whole apron sometimes formed of alternate rows of tucks and inserting. For misses, bretelles are added, giving more outline to the form.

COLORS.

The vagaries of color are seemingly exhausted, and colors are being called by their proper names of green, blue, purple, and brown once more; and these colors, in the old-time enduring shades, are oftener seen now than in many seasons past.

JETS

are the rage this season; everything is studded, and laces used for trimming are considered quite *passe*, unless thickly beaded.

In veils, the glittering of jets was found to affect the eyes; so now, while the centre is of plain net, the edge is wrought in fine work and beaded, making a richer veil than those beaded alone and without a finishing edge.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. F. S. The hair is worn high on the head by very many. Style of face and general contour are more studied than ever before, and if you can wear your hair coiled high on your head, do so.

MABEL. Yes; there are several skirt elevators in the market. The last one out claims more perfection, as one answers for all dresses, and can be instantly changed from one dress to another.

FUSS AND FEATHERS. Strange as it may seem, plumes *are* much worn this season, and the ostrich tips will form part of the garniture for the fashionable hat all summer.

ALICE ETHEL.

Wedding-Rings And Marriage Customs.

Rings, of all the insigna of love and marriage, have been held as especially significant from the remotest times to the present; and now they are essential to the marriage ceremony in many countries. Much has been said of their origin and signification—much that is fanciful, more than is absurd, but very little that is satisfactory. For instance, we place little reliance on the information of a certain Alberic de Rosa, who says, "The first inventor of the ring was one Promotheus. The workman who made it was Tubal Cain; and Tubal Cain, by the counsel of our first parent, Adam, gave it unto his son to this end, that therewith he should espouse a wife, like as Abraham delivered unto his servants bracelets and ear-rings of gold. The form of the ring being circular—that is, round and without end—imputeth thus much: that their mutual love and affection should roundly flow from one to the other in a circle, and that continually and for ever."

There is much confusion, it will be observed, in this account of the "invention" and first use of the ring; but the signification here attached to it—the *meaning* of the betrothal and marriage ring—is that which has been familiarly ascribed to it for many centuries. There is another old superstition regarding the wedding-ring which survives among the ignorant to this day. Ask why the ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, and you will not unfrequently be told, because a nerve runs from that finger direct to the heart, and is in especial connection with it.

Our own mention of the matter is this. We believe the use of the ring, first in betrothal and afterwards in marriage, had its origin in the ancient custom of presenting the *signet ring* in token of faith or trust. Many instances of this will occur to the reader, as recorded in Eastern annals; and from the East this custom, like many more, seems to have come. There is some evidence that the custom of marrying with a ring obtained among the ancient Jews, as it does among the Jewish people of the present day. And as to the ring-finger question, it is easily determinable by the test of convenience. Rings are naturally worn on the left hand, because it is less employed than the right; and the third finger has this same advantage over all the others. It has the peculiarity that it cannot be extended, or easily used, alone; it cannot be lifted except with one of its neighbors; and consequently it is the least liable to expose a ring to wear and tear. A ring worn upon the index finger of the left hand would wear away in half the time; and, worn upon any finger of the right hand, would be under a constant course of abrasion. The Greeks and Romans wore their rings on this finger; and both held the superstition about the nerve.

A peculiar kind of ring was adopted by lovers of antique times. They were called gimmal, or jimmal, rings. They were double, sometimes treble, with joints or links by which they could be separated. From this peculiarity they seem to have obtained their name, as jimmer (a north county word) signifies hinges. Others ascribe the name to Gemelli, twins. They were also called St. Martin's rings. Though they have long been forgotten, they were once very common, and formed not the least interesting item in the pack of trinkets, ballads and ribbons, with which the pedlar charmed the village belles. And the pedlar, to accommodate his customers, did not insist on selling gimmals of pure gold. They were often of counterfeit metal—oftener, no doubt, than they represented counterfeit love. An old pamphleteer says, "I doubt whether all be gold that glisteneth, since St. Martin's rings be but copper within, though they be but gilt without, says the goldsmith." It is equally true that all gold does not glitter; and we can easily imagine the village girls—bright, rosy women as they were before they dreamed of becoming the mothers of our grandmammas—looking on their copper gimmals with eyes glowing with more than the riches of gold, and with hearts unalloyed.

Rings of rush were also at one time in favor as betrothal gifts; and the ancient dames of two hundred years ago used to aver, "t'was a good world when such simplicity was used, and a ring of rush would tie as much love together as a gimmon of gold." Rush rings were also too much used—not only in our own, but in other countries—in mock marriages, made with mock ceremonies, to the mockery of conscience and good morals.

Somewhat akin to the exchanging of rings was the fashion of exchanging a bent coin, or for lovers to break a piece of money between them. The beautiful use which Sir Walter Scott has made of this custom, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," will at once occur to the reader's mind. A *ninepence* seems to have been the coin chiefly in demand for this purpose, though groats are frequently mentioned by the old playwrights and ballad-makers, by whom a "piece of gold" is allotted to lovers in refined society. This innocent and significant old token of truth is mentioned in company with another in "The Connoisseur:"—"If, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or break a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolate fidelity."

Bridecakes have a very ancient and respectable origin. They seem to be derived from the old heathen ceremony (common, among other nations, to the Hebrews and Romans) of *confarreation*; in which wheat, flour, or cakes were used. "The English," says an old writer, "when the bride comes from the church, are wont to cast wheat upon her head; and when the bride and bridegroom return home, one presents them with a pot of butter, as presaging plenty, and an abundance of all good things." This showering of corn upon a young bride's head (we might dispense with the pot of butter) is certainly a beautiful and significant custom, and one the abolition of which has conferred no benefit on mankind. The connection between bridecakes and the sprinkling with wheat is strongly marked in the following custom, still retained in some parts of Yorkshire. There the bridecake is cut into little square pieces, like a dice, thrown over the heads of both bride and bridegroom, and then passed through the ring. Sometimes, however, the cake is broken over the bride's head, and then thrown up to be scrambled for. From the north of England also seems to have come the practice of passing slips of the bridecake through the wedding-ring, for sorcerous purposes. It is now common usage among young ladies to place these hallowed slices under their pillows, that they may dream of their sweethearts.

Now, only one cake appears at the wedding feast. In old times there were several; and the bride and bridegroom kissed each other over them from opposite sides of the table. This ceremony took place towards the end of dinner, and the cakes were piled one on another, we are told, "like the picture of the shew-bread in the old Bibles." Then the bridegroom waited on the wedding guests at dinner.

Bridesmaids attended at weddings as long ago as the time of the Anglo-Saxons. Among this people, the bride was led to church by a matron—a bevy of young maidens, called the bride's maids, following them. In later times, however, it was the duty of the bride's maids to lead the bridegroom to church, while the bridegroom's men conducted the bride to the altar. Sometimes, however, two boys were chosen to lead the bride to church, as was the Roman custom; a third boy (in their case) preceding them with a torch of whitethorn in honor of the goddess Ceres.

Do not command children under six years of age to keep anything secret, not even the pleasure you may be preparing as a surprise for a dear friend. The cloudless heaven of youthful open-heartedness should not be overcast, not even by the rosy dawn of shyness; otherwise, children will soon learn to conceal their own secrets as well as yours.

THE same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence, and forethought: not a word of the fates or stars when we are getting rich and everything goes on prosperously.

HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

SUBMISSION is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

PROVERBS.

Among the various classes of proverbs, perhaps the most numerous division is that which bears upon selfishness. This is not much to be wondered at, for selfishness is a tolerably constant quality of human nature. As selfishness generally appears to be disagreeable, it is not surprising either that the thoughts of all people take pretty nearly the same view of it. We are afraid that any amount of odium will not cure this defect, for few men will confess, even to themselves, that they are selfish; but to those who are blessed with self-consciousness we recommend the following maxims. The English say, "Other men's sorrows will not break our hearts." The Russian phrase is, "The burden is light on the shoulders of another." The French say, wittily, "One has always strength enough to bear the misfortunes of his friends." The Italians, to whom water is valuable, tell us, "Every one draws the water to his own mill." The Oriental, cooking his food at the desert fire, declares, "Every one takes the embers to his own cake." The practical Roman soldier, when straps to buckle on his armor were scarce, asserted that "Men cut broad thongs from other men's leather." The Englishman blurts out, "Every one for himself, and God for us all." The phlegmatic Dutchman finds breath enough to snort, curtly, "Self's the man." And the Spaniard, avoiding danger, advises to "Draw the smoke from the hole by another man's hand." Selfishness may, perhaps, be described as that which some men like to practise without having it practised upon them; and in that sense he who can sympathise with the above sentences from many languages is the very type of a selfish man.

Another set of proverbs, nearly as widely spread, go to show us that everywhere and in all ages men have been in a hurry to get rich, and, better still, point out a general knowledge that such attempts to gratify acquisitiveness, by fair means or foul, are very apt to break down. We express this when we say, referring to easily-gained wealth, "Light come, light go." The cautious Scotch have it that "The groat is ill-saved which shames its master." The sententious Spaniard dogmatically affirms, "He who will be rich in a year, at the half-year they hang him." The Italians say, "Ill come, ill spent." The Germans add, "The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound;" and the poor blacks of Hayti say, in their bad French, "The knife which thou hast found in the highway, thou wilt lose in the highway." If avaricious people would only take counsel of proverbs, perhaps they might turn from the error of their ways, but we fear they are too much absorbed in small gains to be attracted by small wisdom.

As an antidote against the last section we would advise that the following world-wide thoughts be treasured up: first, that true old sturdy maxim of our own—"God helps those who help themselves;" and the quaint rhymes—"No pains, no gains"—"No sweat, no sweet." Then the grave Catalan remonstrance, "Where wilt thou go, ox, that thou wilt not have to plow?" Next the classical adage, "Who will not the mill, will not the meal;" afterwards the Turkish allegory, "It is not with saying, 'Honey, honey,' that sweetness will come into the mouth." Add the Arabic aphorism, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." Excellent advice that, my masters. Golden sentences, all worthy to be written upon the workshops of the world, and wherever else man has to learn the way through industry to comfort.

Following upon the sayings relating to effort, we find a few, although not so many as might be expected, relating to fortune. Of the danger of unearned elevation we have the Italian "Everything may be borne but good fortune." Most of them, however, are of a more healthy and satisfactory character, showing that however capricious the fickle goddess may be, she is looked to with hope, and sometimes for justice. The English think that "Every dog has his day," and that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." The grave Roman averred in more classical language that "The sun of all days has not yet gone down;" the Italian, that "The world is for him that has patience;" but the Persian is the most beautiful and the most faithful,—"A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way;"—that tells men to deserve the favors of fortune by being fit to receive them, and cherishes both effort and hope.

It would appear that in all places the race of ninnies had been a numerous one, and we find many proverbs relating to them—speaking of their plenty, their foolishness, their helplessness, and their troublesomeness. In our language we have, "A fool's bolt is soon shot;" "It is better to deal with a rogue than a fool;" and "Fools grow without watering." The Italians say "For an honest man, half his wits are enough; the whole is too little for a knave;" thus classing the rogues with the fools. The Russians tell us, "Fools are not planted or sowed; they grow of themselves." The Spaniards satirically add, "If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house;" and of learned fools, "A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool." The Chinese have found out, "One has never so much need of one's wit, as when he has to deal with a fool."

Proverbs, too, tell the foolish how they are to conceal their nature, and avoid danger. Silence, it seems, is the golden rule for this. All are familiar with our own saying, "A still tongue maketh a wise head." The following are not so well known. From the Persian—"Speech is silver; silence is golden." From the Italian—"He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps;" and "Silence was never written down." From the Spanish—"The evil which issues from thy mouth falls into thy bosom." Another of our own, and a true one, too, is, "He who says what he likes, shall hear what he does not like."

We have parallels in several languages exactly matching our proverb, "The receiver is as bad as the thief:" in the French, "He sins as much who holds the sack as he who puts into it;" in the German, "He who holds the ladder is as guilty as he who mounts the wall;" and the Chinese, "He who laughs at an impertinence makes himself the accomplice."

Such are a few samples from the proverbs of all nations, showing the common tendency of men to catch at wide-spread foibles and follies, as well as to perpetuate wise thoughts by putting them into the simplest and finest words.

To be, we have only to resolve; determination creates ability.

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

TRUE joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

TRUE love, as well as virtue, has this advantage, that we are rewarded for every sacrifice we make to it.

NOT that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history hastens to record.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates, unless duly stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Flowers—Why did She!—Spring Flowers—Two Decoration Days—Revenged—Spring-time.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER. We cannot comply with your request. The story you refer to has been published in book form, and you should be able to get it through any book store.

BASHFUL YOUTH, (Baltimore, Md.) It is impossible that we can suggest topics for you to begin conversing on with a young lady. You must screw up your courage, and trust to fortune to help you through your difficulty.

HARRIE B. Be very careful not to betray your feelings for the young man to whom you refer. A woman should never so much as even let a man suspect that she loves him, before he has committed himself on that question.

A. S. S., (Cornwalls, Pa.,) asks: "Is the Westinghouse air-brake now in use on the majority of the railroads in the United States?" We think not, but it is an admirable invention, and will probably, at no distant day, be employed by most of our railroad companies.

A. S., (Dover, Del.,) asks: "Why do seedy nuts require to be so constantly fed, in order to maintain their fertility? Does the fertilising matter leach away, or is the loss caused by the evaporation of ammonia?" Both causes probably operate to produce the effect stated.

P. R. F., (Chester, Pa.) There is no actual remedy for a constitutional tendency to slouching. It may in some cases be mitigated by taking plenty of exercise, and being particular and frugal in respect to diet, avoiding rich dishes, fermented liquors, farinaceous food, etc.

X. Q. Z. "Can you inform me whence arose the name of 'Adam's apple,' which is given to the swelling in the forepart of the throat?" This name originated from a superstitious tradition that a piece of the forbidden fruit which Adam ate stuck in his throat and occasioned the swelling.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, (Fairbury, Illinois.) You will see that we have anticipated your wishes; the articles you speak of will not any longer be a source of annoyance to you or any one else. We agree with you in what you say, and hope that the change and improvements which we are making are just what you want.

HERETIC. Before you condemn the gentleman to whom you are engaged, and take such a very extreme step as the one you contemplate, on account of his not having called upon you when you were sick, you had better demand an explanation of his conduct. He may possibly be able to give you some good reason.

C. H. J. No young lady who entertains any respect for herself would allow a gentleman to introduce himself to her. There is only one legitimate way of becoming acquainted, and that is by introduction through the medium of some mutual friend. If there be no "mutual friend," then you must just trust to the chapter of accidents.

EDWARD HAMLATE. It would be utterly impossible for us to say whether or not you could obtain "profitable employment" in any of the large cities in this country, or what remuneration you might expect to receive. This altogether depends upon your own abilities, and other essential qualifications, of which of course we know nothing.

A READER. As you do not wish us to say anything more than what is actually necessary to give you a distinct answer, for fear of giving a clue to your identity, we will briefly advise you to accept the offer that has been made you. We do not think that, under the circumstances, you are either legally or morally bound to stop in your present unhappy home.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTORS. We feel ourselves obliged to say, once for all, that we cannot undertake to criticise or pass any opinion whatever on the merits of the poems and verses sent in to us for our examination. Their name is Legion, and it is impossible for us to afford the space for such a purpose, to say nothing of the time and labor which would have to be expended.

C. O. D., (Cumberland City, Ky.,) writes: "Why does the magnetic needle point to the north?" This is a question that has puzzled the profoundest minds in the world, and remains as yet unanswered. We can only say that the prevailing theory is, that the earth is itself a great magnet, and that the needle assumes a north and south direction because attracted by the dissimilar and repelled by the similar poles of the terrestrial sphere.

INFLATION. You were right in your opinion. The Queen of England has theoretically the power of vetoing any measure of Parliament, but it is very rarely indeed that she exercises that prerogative. The only instance of its use during the present generation was when Mr. Gladstone availed himself of it by advising the Queen to effect the passing of the bill providing for the abolition of the purchase system in the English army, some two years and a half ago.

P. W. H. Since you insist upon our giving you our candid opinion of the young lady about whom you write, we must say we do not think that any young lady who is capable of deceiving her parents as she has done, in regard to the places she visits and the company she keeps, can have much goodness of heart or truthfulness of nature. If you are engaged to her, the sooner you bring your engagement to a termination, the better it will probably be for you.

BARBARA HERR. "Is there any set form of introduction, and in introducing gentlemen to ladies, whose names should be mentioned first?" There is no fixed rule in introducing persons to each other. "Permit me to present," "Allow me to introduce," "Allow me the pleasure of presenting," are forms of expression very generally used. In introducing persons of opposite sexes, always introduce the gentleman to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman.

A. L. PEARSON. All we can say upon the subject of your letter is that we believe you have been most grievously misled by the statement which you say you saw in one of the local papers. Our inflexible rules, which forbid us discussing any religious or political subject in these columns, will not allow of us saying more than that we are sure you do the organization very great injustice by attributing to it such unworthy and discreditable principles and objects.

ANXIOUS. You write: "I wish some advice, and trust you will be kind enough to answer my question, though I know you will say it is a very foolish one. When lovers quarrel, who should speak first of a reconciliation—the lady or the gentleman?" This is not a question of sex. If by "lovers" you mean persons engaged to be married, or who are true and sincere lovers, then the one who has been the offender should act on the scriptural plan and acknowledge the fault. But if by lovers you mean people who trifle and flirt, without any thought of an engagement, the reconciliation perhaps is not desirable. That they quarrel is reason enough, we think, for their keeping apart.

"ARBOR VITÆ" asks: "Which is the oldest tree in the world, and what is its age?" That is a matter even more uncertain than the individuality and age of the oldest person. In the church-yard of Tisbury, Dorsetshire, England, there is now standing an immense yew tree, which measures thirty-seven feet in circumference. The trunk is quite hollow; it is entered by means of a rustic gate, and seventeen people lately breakfasted in its interior. One in Staines is upwards of one thousand years old. The great yew at Fortingal, Perthshire, N. B., is stated by Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," to measure 56½ feet in circumference, and is supposed to have been a tree at the commencement of our Christian era. It still remains, and was visited by Mr. Neill, the naturalist, in 1833.

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "I saw it stated in your Answers to Correspondents, some time ago, that there was a certain fund left in trust by some man of Philadelphia, to be lent to young men just starting in business, at a low rate of interest. Please state through your 'answers' whether this loan can be obtained by young men in any part of the United States; to whom parties desiring such a loan should apply; the amount that will be lent to any one person, and the security that must be given." We know very little about this beneficiary fund—we only know there is such. We think it probable that discrimination is made among borrowers on account of residence; but we imagine that if such is not the case, it would be very hard for a resident of a distant State or city to get any of the money.

CORNS. (Elverton, Ont.,) asks: "How long has the British Museum been in existence? Is it the most complete in the world?" The British Museum owes its origin to the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who died in 1753, and bequeathed to the nation his collection of medals, coins, antiquities, seals, cameos, drawings, pictures, and his library, consisting of 50,000 volumes and manuscripts, on the condition of the payment to his heirs of £20,000, being less than half the cost. Parliament accepted this condition by an act passed in June, 1753. The collection has since been vastly increased by the munificence of successive Parliaments, and by gifts, bequests, and copyrights, until it constitutes a national institution unrivaled in variety and extent by any similar one in the world. The buildings alone, since 1823, have cost nearly £700,000 or about $3,500,000. The reading-room, completed in 1857, cost £150,000.

T. A. S., (Spedaylvania Co., Va.) You ask our advice as to whether we think it would be wise in you to give up trying to get a situation in some business, and to devote yourself to writing poetry, in the hope of making a living by so doing. We think it would be the most foolish thing you could do, and that you would very soon find out that you had made a most egregious blunder, when perhaps it would be too late to remedy it. The art of writing poetry is not to be acquired, like penmanship, in six lessons. You may have a perfect knowledge of all the rules laid down to govern poetry as an art, and be able to construct rhyme which shall not be defective in any of the prescribed regulations, but unless you have some of the "immortal stuff" in you, the poem, when done, may be stale, flat, and commonplace. You had better endeavor to obtain employment in some regular business, and you can employ any leisure moment you may have in cultivating the Muses.

AN OLD FRIEND. We don't wonder in the least that you were considerably put out and affronted by having been drawn into the quarrel which took place at the house of a lady friend of yours, when we are told that is—that is, the quarrel—began from a discussion of some religious subject. Politics and religion are two subjects that should never form the staple of the discourse in the presence of the fair sex. The dearest friends, if of opposite opinions in politics, are liable to quarrel; and no one ever yet succeeded in convincing another in a religious argument. Moreover, if an individual entertains infidel notions with reference to religion, nothing can be more repugnant to good taste, and even common courtesy, than to broach those sentiments in the presence of persons whose opinions or prejudices are strong on the side of belief. All conversation that might by any possibility lead to a quarrel in society should be avoided, and more especially so in the presence of ladies.

M. L. W., (Ballston Spa, Saratoga Co., N. Y.,) writes: "I notice in THE POST that one of your contributors has settled the question of the 'hair snake' beyond the shadow of a doubt. Now, allow me, please, to say a few words. On a botanical excursion I found it necessary to wash my fingers, and for that purpose I dipped my hand in a swift-running brook, and feeling something on the fingers, I raised my hand in the sunlight, and saw a veritable snake, about as much like a 'horse hair' as an anaconda. It was in length from half to three-fourths of a yard, and in size about like Dexter's No. 12 knitting cotton, with large, bright black eyes, very prominent; so much so as to give the face a decidedly triangular shape, and in color a glossy brown, with a jet black line running the entire length of the spine, and of a quick, nervous movement. If you had seen the curve of the neck and turn of the head, preparatory to another dive between my fingers, you would say with me that all the army of your contributors, with that 'printer's assistant' thrown in, could not convince you that my snake ever was or ever could be a 'horse hair.' 'Absurd indeed!'" We do not see that the above communication throws any new light on the "hair-snake question." Our correspondent merely says she saw a snake, and describes it. We do not doubt that she did, but does she presume that the advocates of the hair snake theory would claim that it was of that origin? We think none of them would.

W. P. B., (Americus, Ga.,) writes: "For several years I have been a constant reader of THE POST, and invariably, upon taking up my new copy, I look at the correspondents' column first; and I always find something to instruct and interest me. I have a few questions I want answered, and have concluded to submit them to you. 1st. In the expressions, Methodist Episcopal Church, and dark bay horse, what parts of speech are Methodist and dark? Are they parallel examples? 2d. In Tennyson's 'Flower,' beginning—

'Once, in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed'—

what idea is intended to be conveyed in the poem? What is the germ of the fable? He says: 'He that runs may read.' I confess I have not been able to read it, and have come to you to have it read. 3d. I noticed your answer to the cannon ball question, in THE POST of 18th April, and am not prepared to say it is not correct, but would like to have your opinion of what the result would be, should the shot be fired in the direction the rat is going. 4th. If I should follow in the footsteps of the multitude and ask you what you thought of my handwriting, what would you think of the question?" 1st. We would call both "Methodist" and "dark" adjectives, though they have also an adverbial significance, qualifying the adjectives they precede. 2d. The idea the poet intends to convey is that when he introduced a new style of poetry, it was not greatly admired or valued, but when at last it did become popular, imitators made it so common that it again lacked force. This the poet very prettily bewails, at the same time giving those versifiers a rap who at first ridiculed the new school, but eventually came to steal from it. 3d. In that case, it is our opinion that the cannon-ball would move with double velocity. 4th. That it is a hackneyed one.

SAGE, (Elkhorn, Wis.,) asks: "Will you give me the names and a brief account of some of the famous horses of history and fable? I am a boy of thirteen, and interested in such things." We cheerfully gratify you, not doubting that others of our readers will be interested in the subject. Abaster was one of the horses of Pluto. The word means "away from the stars," or "light of day." Bucephalus was the name of the celebrated charger of Alexander the Great. Alexander was the only person who could mount him, and he always knelt down to take up his master. He was thirty years old at his death, and Alexander built a city for his mausoleum, which he called Bucephala. Arion was the horse of Neptune, brought out of the earth by striking it with his trident. Its right feet were those of a human creature, and it spoke with a human voice. This was a mythological animal. Bayieca was the Cid's horse. He survived his master two years and a half, during which time no one was allowed to mount him; and when he died he was buried before the gate of the monastery of Valencia, and two elm trees were planted to mark the spot. Bayard was the horse of the four sons of Aymon, which grew larger or smaller as one or more of the four sons mounted him. The word means "bright bay color." Beris was Lord Marmion's steed. The word is Norse, and means "swift." Black Bess was the famous mare of Dick Turpin. Borak, according to Mohammedan belief, was the horse which carried Mohamet from earth to the seventh heaven. It was milk white, had the wings of an eagle and a human face. The word is Arabic for "lightning." Brigliadoro (pronounced Bril-yar-do'-ro) was Sir Guyon's horse in the "Faery Queen." The word means "golden bridle." Brontomarte was the horse of Sir Launcelot Graaves. The word means a "mettlesome sorrel." Cedar was the horse of the Roman Emperor Verus. The animal was fed on almonds and raisins, covered with royal purple, and stabled in the imperial palace. At death a mausoleum was raised to its honor in the Vatican. Incitatus was the favorite horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, and was made priest and consul. It had an ivory manger, and drank wine out of a golden pail. The word means "spurred on." Orella was the charger of Roderick, last of the Goths, noted for its speed and symmetry. Pegasus was the winged horse of Apollo and the Muses. Roan Barbary was the favorite horse of Richard II. Rosinante was Don Quixote's horse, "all skin and bone." The word means "formerly a hack." White Surrey was the favorite horse of Richard III. We might extend the list, but think it long enough for the present.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.

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